THE New Republic

Malenkov: Scapegoat for the Failure of Communist Policy

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WINTER LITERARY NUMBER

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

They didn't shoot Malenkov; just let him quit. That has evoked the comment here that Russia has invented a new freedom—the freedom to resign. Just the same we'd discount a policy on Malenkov's life. The Moscow dictatorship has two headaches: lack of a legitimate heir to Stalin and, perhaps worse in the long run, the slowdown of the bovine Russian peasant. The farm crisis is progressive and cumulative.

Moscow talks tough in a domestic crisis and right now the atmosphere is murky. We are lucky to have a peephole in Moscow through our embassy there; this, of course, is what the Taft Republicans and McCarthy tried to destroy. They would have ended recognition, *i.e.,* shut the peephole. They tried and failed to block Ambassador Bohlen's confirmation, because anyone who knows anything about Russia is automatically suspect, but they did blackmail Ike into ousting another expert, George Kennan, a grievous loss.

A Moscow peephole brings in background information that is invaluable though it may not disclose specific timing. For example, able State Department reporter Neal Stanford, in his coverage, was able to deduce so far back as June 2 that Khrushchev was "the man to watch," that he was getting the press build-up, and "may well be the number-one man before long." The Department was not caught wholly by surprise.

A peephole in Red China would be of immense value now, but that will have to wait. We are adjusting our Far Eastern diplomacy to the facts, and the process is now going on rather rapidly. The big problem is whether the morale of Chiang Kai-shek's exiled army will crack when it grasps that it will never return to its mainland home. Most of the ambiguity of the present US policy over the offshore islands is based on an effort to soften this blow to Chiang's troops.

The Eisenhower Administration has found a way to spend billions of dollars without going into debt a bit more (on paper at least), and at the same time to turn public functions over to private corporations. This fiscal magic may well prove the Administration's supreme intellectual achievement. The procedure is simple: create a private corporation and contract for the job to be done by a private authority, with the government agreeing to buy the product back at a higher price on the installment plan. It is proposed to do this in the Dixon-Yates contract, in the big multi-billion dollar highway program, in the school building and health programs.

In most cases taxpayers pay more in the long run. Other administrations have tried the device but never on the present scale. Here's how it works: If the government built a power plant or a highway direct, the capital expenditures would appear as "debts" on the budget. But if the Administration contracts the job out to a private corporation which sells guaranteed bonds to the public through Wall Street—that isn't technically a "debt," even though carrying charges are higher. It's a "contract." It circumvents the Congressional debt limit. It doesn't add to the red ink of the Administration deficit. Since last July the government has even been getting some of its post-office buildings that way—outside of the budget.

In the new, stop-gap Eisenhower school program the White House invites states to follow this oblique, Ponzi-like pattern. The states wouldn't put up the capital for the new school buildings. They would create a series of private "school authorities" which would sell bonds to the public. Outsiders would build the schools and rent them back to the local communities. If the states take paupers' oaths some federal money will be vouchsafed direct but otherwise the affair will work largely by federal guarantees and installment purchase. We wonder how a kid will feel, sitting in a rented school-house, at a rented desk. The little red school house may have been inadequate but it had no Dixon-Yates mortgage on it. The system appeals to Ike because of its "local" character and community responsibility, but if we know anything about finance those government-guaranteed bonds, like highway bonds and the Dixon-Yates money, will come from Wall Street.

One fact stands out as Harvey Matusow recants his testimony and another federal witness, Mrs. Marie Natvig, swears that her whole attack on Toledo attorney Edward O. Lamb for alleged sympathy to Communism was false: government agencies have been offering sworn witnesses that no intelligent person would believe under any circumstances on any subject. By his own confusion Matusow is a congenital liar. Mrs. Natvig has characterized herself adequately. Why were people like that put on the stand; worse, why were they apparently coached by government attorneys? Even yet the government seems more concerned in punishing the turncoat informers than in aiding their possible victims.

The CIO-AFL merger now is definite. It was speeded by adversity: union gains have slowed down, labor has won few recent legislative objectives, the labor movement faces an unsympathetic Administration in Washington dominated by big business. Only about a third of non-agricultural American workers are organized; there is failure to crack the petroleum and chemical industries, and textiles in the South. It is uncertain whether the merger will change any of these things but it may help financially to carry through some of the fights for higher pay scheduled for this year.

Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks is blamed for the briefing that caused Eisenhower to over-rule a 5-to-0 unanimous decision of the Civil Aeronautics Board, and then in embarrassment to reverse himself. Ike has always depended on briefing. As a general he let lower echelons winnow out arguments before he made final decisions at the top —an agreeable system, that gives him leisure to shoot quail in Georgia during a world crisis. But Weeks apparently neglected to tell Ike of the CAB unanimity, and without full information he ordered the Seattle-Hawaii run given to Pan American Airways exclusively, ousting Northwest Airlines. Senators angrily protested and Ike quickly backtracked. The briefing system is all right if you can trust the briefers.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Coming Together of Organized Labor

THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE of the merger agreement between the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations was not wholly sensed by observers who refused to believe that it would ever happen.

Two specific facts were responsible for the success of the negotiations. One was CIO President Walter P. Reuther's willingness to step down from the presidency of a separate federation. The second was AFL President George Meany's willingness personally to guarantee the present jurisdiction of the CIO's industrial unions. Beyond this, however, was the larger fact that across the years the historic reasons for disunity had disappeared and that, in system and spirit, the AFL and CIO had steadily grown closer together.

The CIO used to be a kind of special spark to the New Deal, the main labor channel of organized liberalism in race relations, foreign policy, political action, anti-colonialism and many other issues broader than pure bread-and-butter unionism. Lately the pronouncements of AFL and CIO in all these fields have come more and more to resemble each other.

The Eisenhower "businessmen's administration" wooed Meany persistently and attempted to gain AFL support by preferential treatment. Instead it created conditions which invited them to unite for self-defense.

There will be an interim of several months before the agreement takes effect. The CIO Executive Board must still approve the unity agreement that the AFL Executive Council has already ratified. A constitution must be drafted, the separate AFL and CIO conventions next fall must approve it and then move into joint convention to adopt their organic law together. The CIO as a separate entity will then be gone except for maintaining its initials as a department of the larger group. It will not be a competing "trade union center" but an integral part of the 15-million member body, which may retain the historic title of American Federation or shift to American Congress of Labor.

Technical amalgamations, in all the states and communities where separate staffs were maintained, must be worked out across two additional years. There are bound to be casualties despite the agreement that "initially" the two staffs at national headquarters shall be merged intact: there will be retirements, voluntary departures and adjustments.

In an affair as complicated as this, where treasuries, prestige and habits were involved, unity would have been impossible except as a response to irresistible urgency on the part of the leading figures, a sense that together they could do more things better than they could separately. That is why the organizing campaigns are likely to take on new momentum, political action is likely to expand, why the merged federation is likely to grow in membership above the 15 million claimed today.

Quemoy and Matsu

THE IMMEDIATE threat of war is over, with the successful evacuation of the Tachens. But the lull will be deceptive if it creates the illusion that the danger is past. The Communists (as we reported last week) have been working for a Formosan conference held outside the UN. It is still a possibility, but the prospects are dim. Britain and the US naturally have vetoed a conference at which the Nationalists are not represented. Nehru among others remains convinced that the Peking regime will attend no conference at which the Nationalists are present. The alternative presumably is a conference on the cease-fire attended by neither of the two nations directly concerned.

The Chinese Communists apparently are not afraid of the United States. Nor are they deterred by threats of war. They will not relinquish their claim to Formosa and the coastal islands. They are encouraged by the emphasis given by Soviet leaders during the Supreme Soviet meeting to Russia's commitment to China in the present struggle. And Peking believes that non-Communist Asia is on its side. "The Formosa campaign," a British correspondent cabled the *NY Times*, "is now at such a crescendo that it cannot conceivably be reduced spontaneously let alone reversed."

The Chinese Communists are beginning to concentrate forces against Quemoy and Matsu. The US position remains in doubt. Chiang Kai-shek declared flatly on February 12 that the Eisenhower Administration had pledged the US to defend these islands. Administration spokesmen hint that we can still weasel out. Anti-American feeling is still rising overseas in revulsion against our mixture of recklessness and indecision. Our best friends, like Anthony Eden, have suffered heavy political losses through their efforts to support the US. No doubt the ambiguity of the Eisenhower Administration has been directed in part by concern for the blow to Nationalist morale caused by the withdrawal of a full division from the heavily fortified Tachens. But Joseph Alsop reveals from Formosa that it was the Eisenhower Administration that induced the Nationalists against their better judgment to commit themselves so heavily to the Tachens, all in the name of "unleashing Chiang."

Clampdown on TV

SEVERE restrictions on US TV networks have been recommended in a report released by the Senate Commerce Committee, under the Chairmanship of Warren G. Magnuson (D, Wash.). The Committee has earmarked $75,000 for a probe of the "two or three or at the most four network organizations located in New York, who have the power to determine what is seen and heard in most homes during a large part of the broadcast day." Prepared by Special Committee Counsel Harry M. Plotkin, the report takes special aim at NBC and CBS, and hits: their control of the most desirable channels in the biggest cities; their one-sided contracts with affiliates and advertisers; their quasi-

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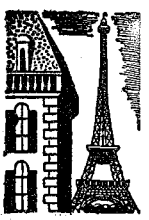
monopolistic advantages in areas with only one or two channels; and their effectual smothering of UHF growth. This is one probe that is overdue. In its admirable reluctance to impose governmental controls on broadcasters, the FCC has permitted two giant corporations to dominate an industry with great and explicit obligations to serve the public interest. The cause of free enterprise would be forwarded by Mr. Plotkin's goal: ". . . to increase the number of TV stations through a reinvigoration of UHF operations and to promote full, free and individualistic self-expression of TV station licensees by mitigating their economic dependence upon a few network organizations."

France: The Unpalatable Taste of Truth

PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE was defeated in 1955 by a single member of his own party in Parliament—Senator Henri Borgeaud, head of the Algerian lobby and large contributor to the funds of the Radical Socialist Party, that controls between 40 and 50 votes in the National Assembly. The first serious attempt under the Fourth Republic to get Frenchmen to face the geopolitical, economic, technological, military and simply human facts of living in the twentieth century was cut short because the enemies of a New Deal in North Africa *could* come to agreement. In Algeria especially, the big businessmen fear that reforms in Tunisia and Morocco will lead to the weakening of their grip on a basically colonialist economy. René Mayer, the spokesman for the lobby, declared that he and his friends had to vote against PMF because they didn't know where he was going. The opposite was the truth: they knew exactly where.



PMF in his final speech to the Assembly asked the rhetorical question: "How can anyone think that the nation will lose the taste for the truth now that it knows the bitter, but always wholesome, flavor?"

Sadly, reluctantly, we take the risk of going on record as thinking that the French nation hasn't yet acquired a real taste for the truth—about itself, about the world of today, about its relationship with the world. Perhaps more Frenchmen have acquired a taste for truth than have for milk as against wine—but that's not saying much. *Time* says that "millions" of Frenchmen supported PMF. We think that more supported him than did Pinay who achieved the greatest popularity before him, but "millions" is an exaggeration. There are few signs of any great shock, indignation or even serious disquietude about the political lynching in the Palais Bourbon. The dominant political feelings are still negative. The French are still far better in opposition, in resistance, than they are in affirmation. In a very deep sense, the French tend to be the most isolationist people in the Western world: they don't want to be anything other than what they are.

PMF helped defeat himself by paying no attention to the dictum of Graham Wallas that there is more human nature than intellect in the running of a representative democracy. The Assembly deserved contempt but PMF might have lasted longer and got more done if he had shown his less openly, less often, less brutally; if among men who consider themselves superior, he had not proved himself—and almost announced himself—*their superiors; if he had done* even a fraction as much to win friends in Paris as in other cities which, to the French, shine less brightly.

Paris isn't France any more than the Assembly faithfully represents the French people. Nevertheless the professional politicians in the Assembly, the men whose one and single aim is to stay in power, seem to be wangling and maneuvering for next year's election without raising the banner of PMF. They could be wrong, of course. Or they could be convinced that out in the sticks the words weighted with psychological—and political—value are "old" rather than "new," French rather than European; that when change really means change and not *la même chose*, the voters are likely to doubt and resist.

Some of PMF's supporters say he signed his political death warrant by agreeing to German rearmament. Others think he "went American," still others that he was too eager to keep open the diplomatic road to Moscow. But the French don't hate the Germans, the Americans, the Russians as much as they can hate other Frenchmen. To a remarkable extent they live in a world of their own and of the real world.

PMF knows what the French need, but unfortunately his own point of view is so modern as to seem alien.

Of all the lobbies and pressure groups which need to be fought to permit a modernizing French New Deal the worst and strongest are in the people themselves; their tendency to turn inward and backward, the mutual hatred and the self-hatred which are the proof of an assumption of superiority which cannot admit envy, loss, weakness.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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Federal Sanctuary for Lame Ducks

While You Weren't Looking

EVER WONDER how those men whose names are sent in dignity by the President of the United States to the Senate for appointment to high position are chosen? Here is the background of one such appointment, an ordinary story, and the more depressing for that.

Mention of the Civil Aeronautics Board brings a smile from veteran Washingtonians. The Board, in their eyes, has become a "sanctuary for lame ducks"; until a few weeks ago three of its five members were former (defeated) Congressmen or Senators; the latest Eisenhower appointment makes it four out of five. But despite the cynicism of the "wise," the CAB is one of those federal regulatory bodies which has the power to grant or withhold privileges worth tens of millions of dollars. Its decisions are important, and subject to tremendous pressures. All of which means that choosing the men who wield this power and are subject to these pressures is a matter requiring *somebody's* best thinking.

The CAB member who has been replaced is Oswald Ryan, a Republican from Indiana. Ryan had been on the Board since 1938. His latest term was to end December 31, 1954. The Administration knew this; there was plenty of time to decide whether to replace—and with whom—or to reappoint him. But the decision was put off until the last minute—thus pressure was invited.

For some years, Ryan, who denies the charge vehemently, has been talked about in Washington as "Pan-Am's man" on the CAB. Whether the charge is true or not, as Ryan's term neared its end, Sam Pryor, Pan American Airways vice-president "in charge of" Washington, used all his influence to guarantee Ryan's reappointment. Pryor is no ordinary lobbyist. He has been the Republican National Committeeman from Connecticut. As one of the political powers in that state, and a very wealthy man, he had much to do with getting Eisenhower nominated by the Republican Party. Victor Johnson, director of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee, whose war-chest benefits from contributions of Pan-Am officials, functioned as Pryor's deputy in pushing Ryan's renomination. A formidable combination. But Ryan has been on the board long enough to make many enemies, and among those who have him labeled as Pan-American's errand boy are a number of powerful Senators and influential journalists. It soon became clear that renomination of Ryan would set off a Senate fight, as well as "disclosure" in the press, and that an Administration which can ill-afford any more cries of "scandal" might be embarrassed. Yet Ryan also has made powerful friends; prodded by Sam Pryor, they were turning on pressure. What to do?

Early in January, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks had a private meeting with Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall (understandably concerned about Pan-Am campaign contributions) and some members of the White House staff. They came up with what looked like a brilliant compromise. Weeks had just asked California Republican Harold Jones, US delegate to the International Civil Aviation Organization (headquarters: Montreal), to come to Washington prepared to replace R. B. Murray as Undersecretary of Commerce for transportation. Jones was in town. So why not make a swap: give Jones Ryan's job on the CAB, and Ryan, Jones' job at ICAO? That way both Pan-American Airlines and American Airlines (which finds Jones sympathetic) would be satisfied. Perfect!

But other forces were at work. Rep. Dan Reed (R, NY) wanted the job for his son, Bill Reed. Sen. Alexander Wiley (R, Wis.) thought it should go to his able assistant, Julius Cahn. Joe McCarthy was determined that State Department Security Chief Scott McLeod's deputy, Robert Cartwright, should get it; Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield and Federal Communications Commissioner Robert E. Lee lined up with McCarthy. Other hats were thrown in and the maneuvering became intense.

Two palace-guard maneuvers were particularly effective. A White House aide (who will be seeking other employment) informed the President that he had found some disquieting material in Ryan's file; information which might be used to embarrass the Administration.

President Eisenhower then received a phone call from a Senator who called his attention to a newspaper story on the Weeks-Hall meeting. Had the President, the Senator inquired politely, known about the meeting and the decision to "swap" Ryan and Jones? The President had not, and the President was angry, doubly so in the light of what had been told him concerning Ryan's security file. So Ryan was out. (By the time the security file story was found to be nonsense, it was too late.)

There was one unique candidate for the job: both Republican Senators from Vermont, Aiken and Flanders, suggested their state's aeronautics director, Edward Knapp, a man experienced in aviation affairs, yet not tied to any major airline. Nobody paid any attention.

The new CAB member is former Republican Representative Ross Rizley—a career-politician from Oklahoma, defeated in the 1948 Senate race by Democrat Robert Kerr. Rizley had returned to Washington when the Republicans took power in 1953 and was given the job of Solicitor in the Post Office Department, March 16, 1953; then, on December 16, 1953, he was named Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. One year later to the day, he resigned from the Department of Agriculture; he had been promised a federal judgeship. But judgeships are scarce and sought by many, and Rizley was still waiting when the White House began to cast about for someone to replace Ryan. Rizley was explained his "duty as a good Republican" and asked to take the CAB job until a "good" judgeship came along. The CAB's six-year term ($15,000 a year) seemed to offer security should the delay be a long one. Rizley's name was sent to the Senate February 4.

Rizley was not chosen because of any outstanding experience in aviation; he has none. Which does not mean he will do a bad job on the CAB—only that his qualifications were not at issue. Whether Rizley will be able to understand the workings of one of the most technically complicated and rapidly changing of industries well enough to regulate it wisely; whether he will have enough subtlety of mind and strength of character to avoid becoming that industry's tool—no one yet knows. Obviously, no one in the White House much cared. The choice of Rizley was an accident: he happened to be there, waiting. And the manner of his choice is a common one, under Democratic as well as Republican Administrations.

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Malenkov: The Party Scapegoat

by Michael Straight

WHO WROTE the confession of failure signed by Georgi Malenkov and who forced the Premier to sign it are matters of speculation. Enjoyable as speculation is for expert and novice alike, a time comes when its useful limits are reached. For the present the most secret memorandum from the Central Intelligence Agency is about as reliable in forecasting the Soviet future as an editorial in the *Daily Worker* or a taxi driver's hunch.

It is better at such a moment to turn from the shadows that move across the Soviet stage to the stage itself, to the underlying conditions in a great nation that no superficial shift in the top leadership can transform. They are exposed in one admission that stands out hard and solid in Malenkov's statement against the claims and confessions that are presented to conceal the truth. Malenkov declared:

> Now when the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the workers of our country are concentrating their special efforts on speedier development of agriculture, I have seen particularly clearly my guilt and responsibility for *the unsatisfactory state of affairs which has arisen in agriculture*. . . . [Italics ours.]

If Malenkov felt his neck when this passage was read by the Chairman of the Council of the Union to the Supreme Soviet, then he did so with reason. For if there is doubt about Malenkov's personal guilt and responsibility for the state of Soviet agriculture, there is no doubt at all that the state itself is unsatisfactory. Beria was one leader who was put to death for reasons which included poor progress on Soviet farms. And Soviet agriculture will claim more victims as its failures come to light. But confessions and executions are no solution. For the guilt and responsibility for the unsatisfactory condition of agriculture lies not with the men who run the Soviet system but with the system itself, and the Communist ideology on which it is built.

"The Communist ideology," writes a leading expert on Soviet agriculture, Dr. Lazar Volin:

> . . . has a mystique of its own which pervades and prevents even the rational elements. Thus the basic Marxist doctrine of superiority of large-scale methods of production in agriculture as in industry . . . is in itself a rational if debatable doctrine. However, it is subject to many qualifications of a theoretical and practical nature. But the Bolshevik attachment to this doctrine is to a large extent irrational. Hence the qualifications are disregarded. . . . Even more irrational is the suspicion and distrust of the small peasant producer inherited from Marx. . . .

Marxism through its very origins prohibits a viable policy toward agriculture. David Mitrany, in his book *Marx Against the Peasants*, writes of Marx and his followers:

> They paid attention to the peasants only because they looked upon them with a dislike in which the townsman's contempt for all things rural and the economist's disapproval of small-scale production mingled with the bitterness of the revolutionary collectivist against the stubbornly individualistic tiller of the soil.

To Marx, peasants were "a sack of potatoes"; an agglomeration of inert individuals who lacked the ennobling and useful attributes of a conscious class. Marxists, as Mitrany notes, regarded peasants as "the least stupid of the farmyard beasts." Marx even had rare words to offer in praise of capitalism for having rescued "a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life." "We have no use in the Party," declared Engels, "for the peasant who expects from us the perpetuation of his dwarf property." Happily, Marx and Engels concluded, the peasants were a doomed race.

The concentration of landholdings was rapid in the 18th and 19th centuries. Marx, the victim of his own dialectic, assumed with pleasure that the trend was irreversible. "The evil to which the French peasant is succumbing is his dwarfholding," Marx declared in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*. This, he added, was no calamity. For peasant farming "was the most primitive and irrational form of exploitation." Only a "class of barbarians could be produced by peasant agriculture."

The Communist Manifesto prescribed simply a quick death for this ugly disease. In its brief and sole reference to rural life it demanded the elimination of the peasant economy by the "expropriation of the land and the use of the rent for the state needs" and the transformation of the peasants into "armies of laborers." Thus *The Communist Manifesto* abolished the peasant problem by turning peasants into rural proletarians.

Miserable as they were, the peasants of Europe were not ready to co-operate in their own liquidation. They

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raised no hand in protest while the workers of Paris were shot down in the 1848 revolution. They voted solidly for the bourgeois dictatorship of Louis Napoleon whom Marx despised. Still more galling for Marxian theorists, the peasants defied history. The German population census of 1895 showed an increase in the number of peasant holdings; the 1907 census dealt the death blow to Marx's vision of the peasant ploughed under.

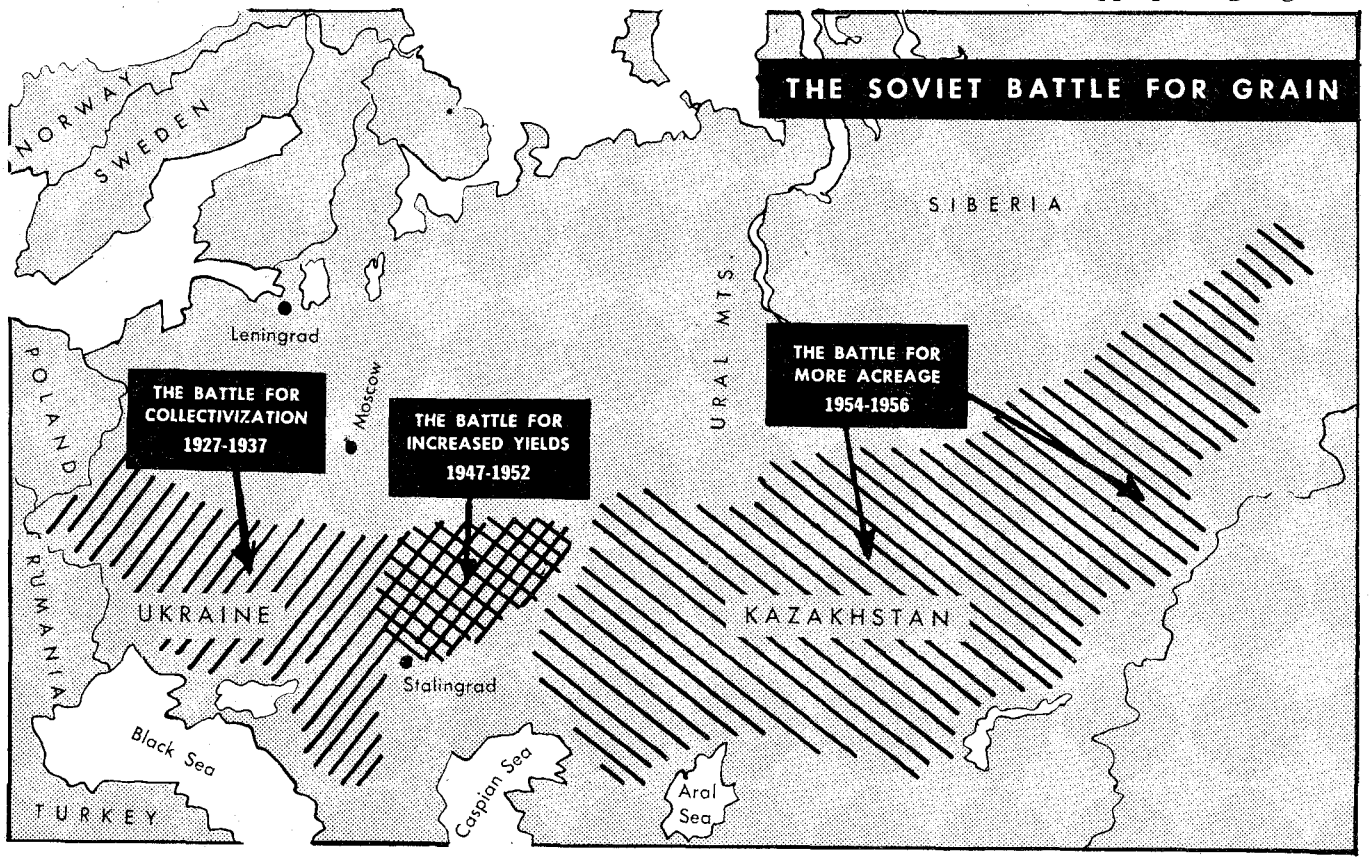
Marx, the good German, took for granted that the peasant economy of Russia could not show the world the way to socialism. But the center of revolutionary agitation passed to Russia and culminated in the 1905 uprising. It failed, and from its failure Lenin drew the decisive conclusion: the objective was not the evolution of the socialist commonwealth but the seizure of political power. This, Lenin realized, required peasant support. The peasants, he decided, could be won over by promising them the land. The promise of course was not to be kept once power was seized. For then, Lenin wrote, "it would be ridiculous to speak of the unity of the will of the proletariat and the peasantry, of democracy. Then we shall have to think of the proletarian dictatorship."

It was Lenin's revision of Marxism that permitted the Bolsheviks in 1917 to climb to power on the backs of the peasants. For starting in March, 1917, and acting on their own, the peasants began to take over the great estates. The disintegration of the Tsarist armies began when peasant soldiers heard that land was theirs for the taking. The demise of the provisional regime that replaced the Tsarist government was assured when it decided to postpone the enactment of agrarian reform. The Bolsheviks in contrast decreed immediate nationalization and distribution of all the land. Thus they attached themselves to the peasant movement. The 1917 upheaval, says Mitrany, was in fact "a diffused peasant revolution which the Bolsheviks took in hand and organized." A similar view is expressed by Trotsky:

> In order to realize the Soviet State there was required a drawing together and mutual penetration of two factors belonging to completely different historic species: a peasant war—that is, a movement characteristic of the dawn of bourgeois development—and a proletarian insurrection, the movement signaling its decline. That is the essence of 1917.

Class Conflict Under Communism

If the tangential meeting of peasant and Bolshevik was the essence of the October Revolution, the conflict between the two groups shaped the 36 years that followed. The peasants initially profited from the abolition of debts, rents and the last vestiges of feudal rule. Yet agricultural production declined with the break-up of estates, and the farm surplus available for the cities fell sharply as the peasants shifted to a self subsistence and barter economy. Alarmed, the Bolsheviks responded by requisitioning crops. So the conflict developed. "Passive resistance," notes Mitrany, "has been the traditional way of farmers and peasants of holding out against what they feel to be oppressive impositions." To the extent that the authorities succeeded in appropriating a given



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38 Years of Soviet Zig-Zag

"The very essence of Leninism-Stalinism," notes Dr. Lazar Volin, leading expert on Soviet agriculture, [is] "strategic retreats, propitiating gestures and tactical concessions to those attacked . . . in short a zigzagging pragmatic, even at times a Fabian course of action. . . ."

1917: A "diffused peasant revolution" is taken over and organized by the Bolsheviks.
1919: 18 million farmsteads forcibly socialized.
1921: Famine.
1921: Controls relaxed. "To use force against the peasant middle class is the worst thing we could do."—Lenin.
1929: Stalin orders complete collectivization.
1930: Stalin condemns collectivization by force.
1935: Stalin permits "two acres and a cow."
1946-47: War-time concessions to peasants withdrawn.
1950: Khrushchev calls for giant collectives.
1952: Khrushchev's plan is shelved.
1953: The "collective leadership" promises more consumer goods for farmers.
1955: Malenkov takes the rap for "an unsatisfactory state of affairs" in agriculture. Renewed emphasis on heavy industry and controls.

crop, the acreage devoted to its cultivation shrank. The reply of the Kremlin in 1919 was to decree the "socialization" of 18 million peasant farmsteads and to seize all produce above a minimum fixed amount. The peasants accordingly reduced production to the established minimum. The result was the famine of 1921-22.

For a regime still far from consolidated, the famine compelled a shift in policy. "To use force against the peasant middle-class," wrote Lenin, "is the worst thing we could do. A class which contains so many millions of people must be treated with consideration." So Lenin decreed the concessions to peasant ownership of property granted by the New Economic Policy of 1922.

Yet the presence of 25 million peasant proprietors was intolerable to the Soviet rulers. Even during the famine Lenin's deputy, Rykov, saw a danger to the revolution in good harvests. "The danger," he declared in his annual address to the Congress of Trade Unions in 1922, "is that agriculture is able to recover much more quickly than our industries. . . . Two or three consecutive good years will result in the economic position of the peasants outstripping by far that of the working class."

Trotsky warned that peasant proprietorship was a threat to the Soviet state. Stalin differed only in his timing. "To advance on kulakism," Stalin held, "means so to prepare ourselves that when we do smite it, it can no more rise to its feet." The moment came in 1929. By then the wheat produced on state farms and collective farms exceeded that marketed by peasants. Then: "Either one way or the other," cried Stalin, "either back to capitalism or forward to socialism! There is and there can be no third way." Complete collectivization was ordered within three years. The peasants resisted with every weapon at hand. They slaughtered their cattle; concealed or destroyed their corn and even took up arms. Poor peasants joined the kulaks whose liquidation was ordered first. The Red Army made up of peasant stock was shaken and with it the regime. Stalin then reversed himself and in his tactical retreat of 1930 condemned collectivization by force.

"Temporary opportunistic deviations, strategic retreats, propitiating gestures and tactical concessions to those attacked . . . in short zigzagging, pragmatic, even at times a Fabian course of action. . . ." This, Dr. Volin notes, "is the very essence of Leninism-Stalinism." It led in the mid-thirties to the encouragement of personal farming by collective farm workers. On their own plots and kitchen gardens, whose average size was two and a half acres, collective farmers were permitted one cow, one sow and its offspring, a flock of hens, or a patch for flax, potatoes or other vegetables. Peasant morale rose, the food shortage was eased, the number of livestock was increased by the concession. But at the center of Soviet policy there remained the innate hostility of the Communists to peasant ownership of private property; the unyielding dedication to Lenin's dictum that "small scale production gives birth to capitalism . . . daily, hourly, with elemental force and in vast proportion."

The danger of war brought about new restrictions on peasant holdings. Under the confusions and compulsions of war itself they were eased once more. Then, at the war's end the time of decision came. "The peasants, our loyal people, will be recompensed by God," Alexander the First had proclaimed when Napoleon was turned back. Each successive war had ended in major concessions to the long-suffering peasant population that in times of crisis saved each unpopular regime. Similar concessions were doubtless taken for granted by the Soviet people in the war years. Instead, the decrees of 1946 and 1947 ended the informal concessions granted the peasants in wartime. In their place was re-established the prewar Stalinist pattern of forced investment in heavy industry and armaments financed by ruthless exploitation of the farm population.

The Soviet State needed urgently to increase farm productivity. The only sound method was recognition of the farmer's needs and desires. But blind to these realities that ran counter to its doctrinal framework, the Kremlin launched grandiose and unattainable programs to raise output by other means. First among them was the "Stalin Plan for the Transformation of Nature" initiated in 1948. It included programs for reforestation, shelter belts, crop rotation with perennial grasses and five major irrigation projects in European Russia. But unobliging nature, the pseudo-scientist Lysenko notwithstanding, declined to be transformed. The reforestation and shelter

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belt programs were costly and disappointing. The crop rotation program dried out the soil and ended in failure. The British economist, J. D. Bernal, inquired about the rumored collapse of the irrigation projects in his interview with Khrushchev in September, 1954. He was given an evasive answer. Apparently these projects have also failed, perhaps because the raising of water tables has caused salinity and thus damaged good soil.

The failure of Soviet agricultural policy led in 1950 to the demise of A. A. Andreyev, chief Kremlin spokesman on farm matters. Khrushchev moved up to his place. His solution was essentially a return to the concept of the Communist Manifesto. He ordered the amalgamation of the collective farms and accordingly their numbers fell from 254,000 to 97,000. Possessed as he was by what Dr. Volin calls "gigantomania," Khrushchev further demanded the break up of the small collective communities and their replacement with huge agricultural cities in which farm workers would live in apartment houses and shop at great department stores. His program signalled the final destruction of the garden plots that were the last vestiges of peasant proprietorship. And evidently the Soviet farm population again rebelled. Pointing out that Khrushchev's plan for rural cities meant immense new capital outlays unmatched by increased production, Malenkov told the 19th Party Congress in October, 1952:

> It must be noted that certain leading workers, particularly in connection with the consideration of small collectives, permitted an incorrect "consumer" approach to Kolkhoz construction. They suggested forced resettlement of villages into large Kolkhoz settlements, the tearing down of all old Kolkhoz buildings and the creation in the new locale of large Kolkhoz settlements, Kolkhoz cities, agrogorods, regarding this as the major aim of Kolkhoz development. The mistake of these comrades was that they forgot the main productive aim of the collectives. . . .

Meanwhile the Soviet Government continued to pay low prices for farm produce and to exact excessive deliveries. Wages paid workers on collective livestock farms averaged 35 cents a day throughout the Soviet Union. And while Khrushchev's plan to eliminate private holdings was halted, heavy and progressive taxes continued to be levied on private farm produce. The results of these policies were revealed by Khrushchev in his report to the Communist Party Congress of 1953. Industrial production, he stated, had climbed by 1952 to more than twice its 1940 level. Agricultural production, he admitted, citing statistics which Dr. Volin regards as inflated, had risen by only 10 percent. Total grain acreage in 1952 was below 1940 levels. Crop yields per acre had uniformly fallen. There were fewer cattle in the nation in 1952 than in 1913 and butter production in the important region of Siberia was well below 1913 levels. Milk and meat yields were down from 1928. There were fewer sheep and goats. Less hay was harvested. Only in hogs could Khrushchev point to a bare increase in numbers. And the cumulative impact of all these failures was heightened because the population of the Soviet Union, according to Malenkov, had risen by nine-and-a-half million in the three years prior to 1952.

Post-Stalin Concessions

In the flux that followed Stalin's death the Soviet leaders offered a number of concessions to the farm population. The tax on private farm produce was cut by 60 percent; tax arrears were cancelled; the progressive tax structure was replaced by a flat levy, regardless of crops grown on garden plots or livestock owned. Delivery quotas were lowered for collective farms. Farm prices were raised five times in the case of poultry and livestock, two-and-a-half times in the case of potatoes, two times in the case of milk and butter and 25 to 40 percent in the case of vegetables. Thus new purchasing power was placed in the hands of collective farms and farm managers. Its effectiveness as an incentive, however, rested on the availability of consumer goods. They had never been available in adequate amounts. In part, perhaps for this reason, the efforts to raise agricultural productivity were coupled with Malenkov's announcement of the new Soviet policy of emphasis upon consumer goods. The goals set one year earlier for light industry were overturned. Spectacular increases were promised in the production of bicycles, watches, blankets, sweaters, stoves, washing machines, electric irons, stainless steel spoons, all the necessities of modern living that the Soviet people had been denied. Production goals in these items were still extremely low. But: "We have just started this business," declared Mikoyan. "We shall make up for lost time. In our land of socialism this equipment will become in the not too distant future an inalienable possession of the majority of Soviet households."

Now Mikoyan is out as Minister of Trade, and Malenkov is out as Premier. One reason perhaps is that due to the forced development of consumer goods, the metallurgical and chemical industries and others that the Red Army views as critically important failed to meet production schedules in 1954. Now the advocates of more consumer goods are bracketed with Bukharin and other "wreckers" who long since went to traitors' graves. Top priority is once again accorded heavy industry and expansion of armaments. Once again agriculture is relegated to a secondary role.

Cultivating the "Virgin Lands"

The new emphasis on heavy industry and armaments all but rules out an increase in farm productivity *within the framework of the collective farming system.* That this framework will stand, even at the price of stagnation, is assured by Khrushchev's declaration that "the principal road toward a solution of the livestock problem was and remains the development of collectivized animal

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husbandry." With this death sentence hanging over them, even the promise of higher prices is unlikely to induce the peasant proprietors to produce more. And yet Khrushchev is the man who informed Bernal that "Man does not live on bread alone." Man, Khrushchev added, lives or would like to live, on pork sausages as well as bread. "There is a Ukrainian saying," Khrushchev told Bernal, "that there is nothing in the world more agreeable for eating than a pork sausage. . . ." Khrushchev added: "We intend to have more of such food."

But even in a police state one pork sausage in the pan is worth a hundred on paper. Khrushchev and the Soviet rulers will not pay the price set by the farm population for increased production. So they have reverted to the defeatist method of increasing the acreage under cultivation even though it means lowered yields. This Khrushchev assured Bernal is the "best means" to obtain the "rapid" and "drastic" increase of grain production that is "indispensable" for the Soviet State.

And yet the opportunities for extending cultivated land in Russia are very limited. Expansion in the warmer areas of the Soviet Union is limited by insufficient moisture. Expansion in the North and East where moisture is adequate is limited by lack of warmth. L. I. Prasolov, Russia's leading soil specialist, has warned of the "relative smallness of the reserve of good land in the vast territory of the Union." But Khrushchev, still possessed by "gigantomania," is plunging on.

Khrushchev has decreed the cultivation in Eastern Russia of an undeveloped region as large as the entire area now under cultivation in the Ukraine. In his outlandish way Khrushchev described the region to Bernal: "It is even landscape for countless miles without obstacles. . . . The plougher starts his furrow at morning breakfast, makes a turn at dinner and returns by suppertime. The outlay for grain production is the lowest conceivable here."

In 1954, Khrushchev shipped 120,000 tractors and an unknown number of "volunteers" to the "virgin lands" to cultivate 3-5 million hectares in grain. Thanks to a favorable spring and summer the first harvest was fair and made up in part for the drought losses in Southern Russia. Now Khrushchev is redoubling his gamble. He has decreed that 17 million hectares shall be harvested in the virgin lands this spring, and 30 million hectares in 1956. There are, as he concedes, "no accommodations and no amenities" in the virgin lands. The arbitrary multiplication of his goals is in itself proof of the unplanned, hectic and almost desperate nature of the undertaking. To underscore its importance to the regime, Khrushchev, himself, addressed the 1955 batch of "volunteers" on the eve of their departure for the virgin lands. He reminded them of the bitter complaints contained in letters from the "volunteers" of 1954. He warned them of the consequences of failure. "Comrade Kasatkov," said Khrushchev, "went to the virgin soil from the monometer works and . . . together with his team conquered in one year's time the fight to participate in the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition. "The official press report continues:

> Having gone to the virgin soil area you must not disgrace the collectives from which you came. To my mind it would be even somewhat vexing if you do not become participants in the Exhibition. Well, I see you do not support me! Are you somewhat frightened? Are You? (Animation in the Hall—Applause).

Of course the "volunteers" were frightened; and for good reason. The lands to which they are being shipped are without roads and buildings. They were inhabited mainly by nomadic tribes who moved from place to place with their livestock as the pasture wore out. Khrushchev scoffed at past failures to settle these lands, attributing them to Tsarist backwardness. The Tsars perhaps were wiser. The soil is alkaline in the virgin lands and may deteriorate when it is ploughed up. Water is inadequate. The climate is treacherous. Winter wheat cannot be grown there; the concentrated harvesting of spring wheat is made more perilous by autumn rains. Between the spring and autumn frosts the season is too short for steady harvests. Droughts are recurrent, and are aggravated by scorching winds. In a single day, these hot winds from the deserts of Asia can destroy a year's labor. "The conclusion is unavoidable," writes Dr. Volin, "that the new program is extending grain production into a risky zone where unstable yields and frequent crop failures may be expected."

Will Khrushchev Take the Blame?

For Khrushchev, apparently, directives are as good as results. He has decreed that the virgin lands will deliver 30 million metric tons of grain in 1955; this then is settled. Now he has decreed further that by 1960 corn acreage in Russia will expand nine-fold; from eight million to 70 million acres. That is a corn acreage as large as our own. But while the US climate is ideal for corn production, Russia's is very poor. The heat, the moisture, the long-growing period needed for corn are all absent and cannot be compensated by hybrid varieties. The goal, like the directive for the agrogorods and the virgin lands, is fantastic; reckless in its haste; unattainable in its size; illogical in its entire concept.

Yet Khrushchev is on top in the Soviet hierarchy. When his programs fail, the implementation, not the directive will be excoriated; the subordinates and volunteers, not the dictator will suffer. It was Khrushchev who directed Soviet agriculture from 1950 to 1955. Malenkov held no direct post in agriculture save for a brief term on the Kolkhoz Council in 1947. Malenkov nonetheless has been made the scapegoat in 1955, confessing quite falsely that it was he who was in charge of Soviet agriculture, and holding himself to blame. Stalin in the same way was responsible for the catastrophes of 20 years. But others were shot while Stalin presumably died in bed.

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WINTER LITERARY REVIEW

Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy*

Reason and Restoration of the West . . . . . *Hans J. Morgenthau*
Leadership and 'Misrule by the People' . . . . . *Charles B. Forcey*
The Younger Poets and Conformity . . . . . *Peter Viereck*
A Scientist's Dilemma . . . . . *Paul Engle*
Time and the Biographer . . . . . *Leon Edel*
An Inquiry into Diplomacy . . . . . *Claude G. Bowers*
Late Thaw of a Frozen Image . . . . . *Jay Leyda*
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New Novels . . . . . *Harvey Curtis Webster*
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The Meaning of the Christian Myth

Two letters from Upton Sinclair and Dr. Carl G. Jung

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The Crisis of Democracy

Mr. Lippmann's new book has meaning both in terms of the theory underlying American political institutions and the capacity of democratic society to create and carry out a foreign policy which can solve the problem of war and peace. The *New Republic* here presents comments on Mr. Lippmann's analysis by two scholars: Dr. Hans J. Morgenthau of the University of Chicago is a specialist in international affairs and the author of *Power Among Nations: The Struggle for Power and Peace*; Dr. Charles B. Forcey, political scientist at Miami University in Ohio, is at work on a study of the early editors of the *New Republic* and their political philosophies.

Reason and Restoration in the West

by Hans J. Morgenthau

"AND where are the political theorists of democracy today?" Professor Alfred Cobban of University College, London, asks and answers this question in an important article "The Decline of Political Theaory," published in the *Political Science Quarterly* of September, 1953:

> . . . democracy, for lack of thought, has ceased to be a live political idea. . . . For the most part it has ceased to be discussed seriously and in relation to the concrete problems of practical politics. It has largely become a meaningless formula. Politicians, like the princess in the fairy tale condemned to the oracular utterances of frogs, seem scarcely able to open their mouths without some platitude flopping out, wet and flappy, and slightly repulsive, but is this political theory? If it is, no wonder that practical men prefer to ignore it. Coins can remain valid currency even when they are worn quite smooth. Political ideas need periodical recoining if they are to retain their value.

It is the great contribution, one is almost tempted to say the historic contribution, of Walter Lippmann's new book that it poses the fundamental problems of democracy again in terms relevant to the concrete political problems of the day. All great contributions to political theory, from the Biblical prophets and Plato to Laski—and I grant that the span in both time and quality is considerable—have reflected not upon the theories of others, let alone upon theories about theories—an innocuous and, hence, popular academic pastime—but upon the concrete, burning, "controversial" political problems of their times. To do this requires a peculiar combination of detachment and absorption, a commitment both to a society and to a truth transcending it. It also requires a philosophy which is not merely the reflection of popular preferences, but is grounded in a rational perception of the true order of things. Finally, it requires the moral courage to pit one's independent knowledge of what is true in matters political and of what needs to be done against what the crowd believes and wants. If these qualities make the authentic political philosopher, Walter Lippmann has again proven that he is one.

The Public Philosophy, by Walter Lippmann (Little, Brown; $3.50).

The decisive experience which in this book has moved Mr. Lippmann's thinking on its course, is the derangement of the relationships which ought to exist in a democracy between the government and the people:

> The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern. . . . Where mass opinion dominates the government, there is a morbid derangement of the true functions of power. The derangement brings about the enfeeblement, verging on paralysis, of the capacity to govern. This breakdown in the constitutional order is the cause of the precipitate and catastrophic decline of Western society.

More particularly, legislative assemblies have usurped the powers which rightfully belong to the executive branch and which they are unable to exercise properly. Representative government tends to become paralysed government. The people, then, must choose between freedom and authority:

> They will choose authority, which promises to be paternal, in preference to freedom which threatens to be fratricidal. . . . No ideal of freedom and of democracy will long be allowed to stand in the way of their being governed.

In this fashion the very weakness of democracy as a viable political order has given birth to totalitarianism as an antidote.

Democracy which has thus perished and which is threatened today is of the Jacobin type. It equates good policy with the will of a legislative or popular majority and, hence, is forced to the conclusion that a proposition is good because it is popular. By making the will of the people its ultimate standard, it seeks the solution of all problems and the elimination of evil itself from a continuous onslaught against all traditions and all objective standards. In this it is a Christian heresy which seeks a religious end without having to undergo the religious experience.

TO THIS degenerate and doomed type of democracy, Mr. Lippmann opposes another type which is represented by the English political system. The English type of democracy presumes an objective order within which the political process takes place. Majority rule cannot overthrow that order; it presupposes it. The principles of that order have been codified in documents such as Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights of 1689, and the first ten amendments of our Constitution. Yet the better part of that order was never committed to writing. It lives on in what Lippmann calls "the traditions of civility" and has been formulated and applied in "the public philosophy." It is identical with that rational order which has been traditionally called natural law and upon whose principles all men once agreed, and can agree again, by virtue of their rational nature.

How can the belief in natural law and its effectiveness as a standard for political action be renewed?

> In order to repair the capacity to believe in the public philosophy [answers Mr. Lippmann] it will be necessary to

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> demonstrate the practical relevance and the productivity of the public philosophy. It is almost impossible to deny its high and broad generalities. The difficulty is to see how they are to be applied in the practical affairs of a modern state. . . .

applied in such a way that only the "wilfully irrational" can deny their validity and only the "wilfully subversive" can reject the obligations deriving from them.

The difficulty of restoring the public philosophy results from the positivist climate of opinion which cannot but be hostile to the assumption of objective standards not subject to the conditions of time and place. The modern age is no longer satisfied with ordering the political sphere by the standards of the public philosophy and thus establishing an uneasy and ever precarious balance between the good and the possible. Instead "it promises, not the good life of this world, but the perfect life of heaven." It confuses the two realms of man's existence, that of this world with its contingencies and that of the transcendent world of the spirit. That combination of relativistic positivism and utopian perfectionism has destroyed the public philosophy and has rendered modern man powerless to order his political world by transcendent objective standards.

Since Mr. Lippmann sees the root of the evil primarily in the prevailing philosophy, the main remedy he suggests consists in the restoration of the philosophy which the prevailing one replaced:

> I do not contend, though I hope, that the decline of Western society will be arrested if the teachers in our schools and universities come back to the great tradition of the public philosophy. But I do contend that the decline . . . cannot be arrested if the prevailing philosophers oppose this restoration and revival. . . .

With this last word of Mr. Lippmann, this reviewer can have no quarrel. Yet he must doubt that it can be the last word.

This book is animated by a noble and moving faith, reminiscent of the rationalistic idealism of the eighteenth century, in the self-sustaining power of reason to transform the philosophy by which men live and, through it, their very lives. Mr. Lippmann believes that

(Continued on page 28)

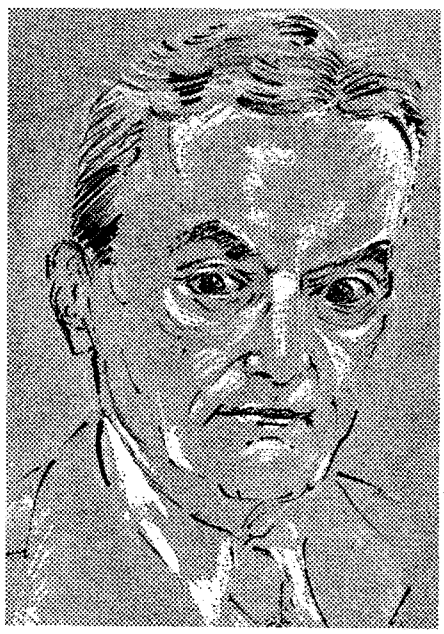
Leadership and "Misrule by the People"

by Charles B. Forcey

WALTER LIPPMANN'S *The Public Philosophy* comes to us as an important work. Lengthy excerpts are being printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. A painting of the philosopher himself in his study decorates the cover of the same journal. A discriminating book club has adopted the work. The publisher's blurb describes it as the product of eight years of the publicist's life and thought. Clearly a major work by one of America's most prominent and durable political thinkers has appeared.

Based as it is upon a lifetime of thinking about politics by a mind of undeniable keenness, the book deserves a respectful hearing. Yet no matter how respectfully approached, it will in the end strike most readers as little less than incredible. With an archaism that belies his own intimate contact with American politics, Lippmann has come forth with a political philosophy that avowedly melds the thinking of the eighteenth-century conservative Whig parliamentarian, Edmund Burke, with that of the seventeenth-century Stuart apologist, Thomas Hobbes.

Walter Lippmann, writing in his middle sixties, is, in fact, a badly frightened man. He is haunted not by the usual bogies that bedevil so many men today—the fear of hydrogen annihilation, or of depression, or of Fascist or Communist revolutions—but rather by what he calls "the excesses of democracy." Lippmann looks on the commonly accepted workings of democracy with something of the same alarm that marked the attitude of Burke toward the *sans-culottes* of the French Revolution, or of Hobbes toward the Roundheads of the Cromwellian era.



Lippmann

Thus Lippmann subtitles the first half of his book "The Decline of the West." He is convinced that the Western democracies have been on the wane since World War I, that democracy, seemingly everywhere ascendant in the nineteenth century, is now on the defensive, that the powers of the West have, in fact, suffered an "historic catastrophe." While some might not paint recent history in quite such somber tones, few would reject entirely the picture he presents. Certainly no one today can regard the future of democracy with anything like the confidence of, say, Woodrow Wilson in 1917.

More than a few men, however, will question the cause Lippmann finds for the decline of the West. Lippmann ignores all the vast social and economic changes that have given rise to the Fascist and Communist challenges to democracy, and ascribes the decline to a failure within the Western nations themselves. The countries of the West, he believes, have allowed themselves to become too democratic. They have suffered, he insists, a "functional derangement of the relationship between the masses of the people and the government."

LIPPMANN finds the breaking point for the West in an "obscure revolution" that occurred toward the end of the First World War. The Allies, beleaguered in a struggle that had become "hyperbolic" in duration and destructiveness, were forced to appeal to their people for support. The appeal to the masses meant that the people themselves took over the high strategy of war and peace, with consequences that were both "revolutionary and disastrous." In effect, the rise of the masses prevented war from being waged for what Lippmann calls "rational ends";

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instead the powers sought the essentially irrational aims of "total victory and . . . total peace."

Most serious of all, popular participation in the war and peace efforts caused a permanent and enervating shift in political power within the Western democracies. The executives abdicated in favor of popular assemblies.

Obviously we have here a radical reinterpretation of Western diplomacy since World War I. Something like what Lippmann describes did happen around 1917. Lippmann himself, in fact, as the principal author of the official United States interpretation of Wilson's Fourteen Points played some part in the change. But it is not at all certain that the democratization of diplomacy had consequences either so revolutionary or so disastrous as Lippmann claims.

In an apparent attempt to keep his book short, Lippmann presents little evidence to support his charge. What evidence he does present neglects entirely the failures of the pre-war diplomacy he admires, failures that most historians today cite as a major cause of the First World War. Finally, no matter how Lippmann marshaled his evidence, he would have difficulty proving that the failure of the secret negotiations of Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau at Versailles arose entirely or even principally from popular pressures upon them.

SUPERFICIALLY, Wilson's failure to obtain American participation in the League, a failure that Lippmann holds responsible for most of the diplomatic nightmares of the 'twenties and 'thirties, would seem to support the charge that the sickness of the West rises from the supremacy of representative bodies over the executives. Yet to blame Wilson's failure on the American people ignores how much the President's defeat by Congress resulted from Wilson's, the executive's, own obstinacy.

Such an argument ignores, too, how much Harding's ambiguity on foreign policy in 1920 precluded at the time any definite popular mandate on the League.

To summarize, Lippmann contends that the peoples of the West have been wrong practically every time they have made their influence felt in foreign policy. Where he finds errors on the part of the leaders or executives, he compounds his case by blaming the mistakes on popular pressure. The twentieth-century growth in the political power of the masses, Lippmann believes, has made executives mere servants of the people, "flatterers of the people," men incapable of honest decision on the crucial questions of peace and war. Lippmann admits both Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill to be exceptions to his general pattern, but he fails to see that making exceptions of such important and dominant leaders may very well give his own case away.

LIPPMANN'S argument, in fact, becomes increasingly incredible as he warms to it. In one chapter, with quotes and paraphrases from Burke, he attempts to refurbish that good Whig conservative's doctrine of the "invisible community." Attacking what he considers the arrogant assertion by Western voters that the majority should rule, Lippmann, echoing Burke, reminds us that "the people" are not merely the presently living, but also the dead and those yet unborn. He fares no better than Burke in making clear how cadavers and unborn spirits can, as a practical matter, make their political sentiments known.

Lippmann's strongest attack on majority rule comes in his reiterated assertion that mass voting is largely a twentieth century innovation. Lippmann assumes that the newness of mass democracy should discredit it, that the tendency of certain Western nations to let their people rule is merely a temporary aberration. He is so strongly convinced of the ignorance and incompetence of the masses that he cannot see that the very newness of representative democracy may perhaps pardon its errors. He has no sense of democracy as an experiment still very much in progress.

When Lippmann turns from indictment to cure, his thoughts become increasingly imprecise. He wants a radical shift in power from the legislature to the executive. He argues that only the executive can have the insight, the knowledge, and the courage to meet such crucial issues as "war and peace, security and solvency, order and insurrection." Such issues he holds to be beyond legislative competence. The initiative on vital matters of state would rest with the President, with Congress to retain only a limited veto. Yet nowhere does Lippmann suggest how the vital issues could be separated from the presumably less consequential, how, for instance, defense could be sundered from deficit finance, or "security" from the preservation of freedom.

Similarly, despite his attack on majority rule, Lippmann rather handsomely disclaims any intent "to disenfranchise . . . [his] fellow citizens." Instead he would empty the citizen's vote of any meaning. Not only would the assemblies be severely limited in their powers, but the executive would be freed from any obligation to reflect, month to month, the demands of public opinion.

Lippmann denies that the executive has any duty to represent. He is, in fact, "honor bound not to consider himself as the agent of his electors. . . . " Instead the President must turn his back on the mob that has elected him and commune with the "invisible community."

AT this point in his argument Lippmann senses perhaps a ring of impracticality in a theory that cites for models of modern democracy such staid monarchs as Charlemagne and Henry III. But, like many theorists before him, rather than change his theory he suggests the world be remade to fit it. Thus the rest of his book becomes an impassioned attempt to rehabilitate what he calls "the public philosophy."

A proper public philosophy means to Lippmann essentially the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century doctrine of natural law before it was corrupted by the Jacobins of France and the Manchester liberals of the nineteenth century. Lippmann insists that only a revival of faith in a rational universe and immutable law will make possible the resurgence of executive force he desires. The executive to rule strongly must be reclothed in "imponderable authority." Such authority, however, can be exercised only over a people that has recaptured a sense of the "imponderable."

Addressing himself openly to the intellectuals, those he calls the "men of light and leading" or the "teachers of the teachers," Lippmann launches a full-scale attack upon the empiricists, the positivists, the utilitarians, and the pragmatists who have dominated so much of modern Western thought. He rails at thinkers who have dismissed na-

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tural laws as merely lies or myths convenient to a particular time and class. At the same time he considers it irrelevant that the conservative interests have by their abuses discredited the philosophy of natural right. Lippmann pleads with modern intellectuals to accept once again the "public philosophy" as philosophically valid, yet nowhere in his book does he mention or meet the critique of natural law that has been the most devastating and influential, that of the eighteenth-century Scottish philosopher, David Hume.

Lippmann does attempt to refurbish natural law for modern usage, but undoubtedly he will leave many of the men of light and leading with serious questions. For instance, he argues that the right of property should never have been made the absolute right it became in the nineteenth century. That it became so, Lippmann implies, was more or less a slip of the pen on the part of the English jurist, Blackstone. Ignoring the profound necessities of expanding capitalism that absolute theories of property satisfied, Lippmann suggests that the evils that accompanied absolute property arose only from men's forgetfulness of the "public philosophy." He implies that the evils will disappear once the philosophy has been regained. Many will welcome Lippmann's denial of an inalienable right to property, but few will believe with him that an agreement among men on the duties of property can be so easily obtained.

Lippmann writes brilliantly, even movingly, on freedom of speech. He contends that like property it cannot be an absolute right. He accepts John Stuart Mill's classic argument that the criterion of freedom in speech must rest on the possibility of debate. Lippmann, however, would deny free speech (in fact, all freedoms) to those who, of Fascist or Communist or other persuasions, fail to support such freedoms themselves. Yet even today there must be a few men who feel that a debate in which some voices are silenced is less than full debate.

While thus denying that natural rights can be absolutes, Lippmann nevertheless feels that they can give government the imponderable authority he covets. For, with an admirable faith that is at the same time naïveté, Lippmann believes that the appropriate balance between right and duty within natural law is discoverable by man's reason. But for reason to have the necessary authority, modern intellectuals must recover a belief in absolute truth, not absolute truth that can be applied literally and directly in the mundane world, but absolute truth in a "realm of spirit" to which men may aspire. Whether men attain to the realm through religion or philosophy Lippmann considers irrelevant. The important thing is that they agree that behind either the "metaphors" of the philosophers or the "sacred images" of the theologians "there is a kind of independent reality that can be known . . . and recognized." On the rock of abstract faith this philosophy will rest.

Lippmann concedes that his discipline is an aristocratic one. He has no hope that all men will accord with the "public philosophy." He addresses only the intellectuals who must halt the "misrule by the people."

Lippmann in his career has held a galaxy of political faiths. He emerged from Harvard in 1910 a socialist. Starting as a protegé of Lincoln Steffens on the muckracking *Everybody's Magazine* in 1911, he had, by 1912, become a staunch Bull-Moose progressive, and a progressive he remained during his following years as an editor of the *New Republic*. When he joined the *World* in the 'twenties, however, his progressivism had become a rather mild liberalism. In 1937, *The Good Society* revealed him to be at best a Manchester liberal, one who damned the "collectivists" of the New Deal.

BUT, though Lippmann's political beliefs have changed over the years, his bias against democracy has been almost constant. Even in his radical phase, his doubts about the people were dominant. In 1912, for example, he resigned precipitantly from a job as secretary to the Socialist mayor of Schenectady because he felt the good mayor labored in a vacuum. As Lippmann explained the next year in *A Preface to Politics*, the people of Schenectady had comprised a "formless Boyg," an "unwatered hinterland." Their lack of political intelligence had made all the reforms of the Socialists futile.

Thus he pled in this first book (1913) that politics be made somehow interesting to the masses, that it be made to enlist their "vital energies" in a way the abstractions of the socialists could never do. Melding together random insights from Sigmund Freud, Henri Bergson, Graham Wallas, and Georges Sorel, Lippmann concluded that what the masses needed was dynamic leadership, leadership by some Nietzschean demigod of will and genius who could understand and galvanize what the young publicist even then called "the dumb mutterings of the multitude."

Within a year Lippmann had been impressed by the progressive movement. He had read John Dewey. Perhaps also he had been influenced by the strong democratic faith of Herbert Croly and Walter Weyl, the two other men he had joined in 1914 to found the *New Republic*. In his *Drift and Mastery* that year, Lippmann celebrated the rational triumphs of science and stressed the educational value of democratic participation by the masses. As such essentially his faith remained until after World War I.

Yet even during the war, when Lippmann campaigned for Wilson's dream of a democratic world, his distrust of the people was fundamental. He believed very early that Wilson's vital weakness lay in the lack of an informed public opinion. In articles and lectures and in personal memoranda to the President, the young Lippmann pled that the people be made aware of their full responsibilities. In the débâcle of Versailles that followed, Lippmann's disillusionment with both Wilson and the people became complete.

In 1922, Lippmann expressed the disillusionment in *Public Opinion*, a book that even today is probably the most brilliant dissection of the difficulties of democracy we have. Lippmann concluded that the democratic hope of rational policy from a mass electorate was a chimera. The mass man responded not to reality but to "pictures in his head," pictures grotesquely and inevitably distorted by modern communication. Lippmann, therefore, bade farewell to the masses and joined the classes. He appealed even then to "the men of light and leading," whose mental images might retain some relation to reality. He has spoken to no one else since.

In his *The Good Society* of 1937 Lippmann merely elaborated upon his basic position of a decade or so before. At the height of the New Deal, at a time when the people seemed again to have come into their own as they had once before in the optimistic days of the progressive era, Lippmann remained unmoved. He attacked the "planners" who thought the world could be improved by

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the petty schemes of man's reason. He recommended that all the crying evils of the depression be left to the gradual operation of established law. Most interesting of all in the present context, he attacked what he saw as the arrogance of Franklin Roosevelt. He reminded his readers that the "rulers of men . . . [were] only men," that they could "know only a little," could "do only a few things." Lippmann might profitably re-read his own arguments today. Thus, for all Lippmann's intelligence and experience, his worthiness as a critic of democracy stands suspect. His career reveals a basic instability that his confident philosophizing only partly conceals. More seriously, he has been obsessed throughout his life with a fundamental distrust of democracy the sources of which no analysis of his writings can reveal. For the root of so deep a bias the search must be made within the man himeslf.

The Younger Poets and Conformity

by Peter Viereck

AGAINST the familiar American menace of the all too well-adjusted man—what David Riesman calls the outer-directed man — a new value-conserver emerges in America today: the Unadjusted Man. The poet can no longer be the seer, the unriddler of the universe; prose and modern science have deprived him of that function. That depriving is just as well. For, instead, the poet of the future is thereby freed—freed by the perspective of his seeming isolation—to play a less pompous, less dramatic, but actually nobler role, that of the uncompromised and uncorrupted non-adjuster. I am not using the phrase "unadjusted man" psychiatrically. Nor am I using it to mean the indiscriminate bohemian contrariness—the facile professional nonconformism—the Babbitt Junior that is merely an inverted version of Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt Senior, who refuses to adjust even to valid norms. The true independence I mean transcends equally each of our two rival brands of current overadjustment: that of the old conformists (the un-"new" kind of conservatives); and the unconscious conformism of the nonconformists (the more ritualized kind of political liberals and of literary *avant-garde,* which by now has become merely one more Old Guard).

TRANSCENDING both these false alternatives and adjusting to traditions but not to fads, to the ages but not to the age, the Unadjusted Man is a new third force. His is the new lyricism of our youngest poets. Today the starting-point of free individualism is not at all in politics nor in philosophy but in poetry and art, though eventually its influence should permeate and redeem the rest of society.

Hence, America needs the poet—I mean the independent and spontaneous lyric poet—as its inner-directed man, its anti-mass man. The Unadjusted Man is a "permanent revolutionist" for the sake of being a conserver: ever conserving our aesthetic heritage but ever revolting against those who kill it by making it owlish, by making it a respectable New Academy or New Criticism.

BECAUSE the true muse requires unadjusted spontaneity and because, instead, the Adjusted Man clicks as fashionably and metallically as ever, a maturity of technique in the very young is no longer the virtue it admittedly used to be until only yesterday. Even now, it still does remain a virtue whenever its young possessor is so sturdily independent as David Ignatow, Hollis Summers, Hanson Kellogg, David Paul, Nicholas Joost, Robert Richman, John Hay, W. H. Cohen, Radcliffe Squires, Sol Stein, Thomas Fitzsimmons, Paris Leary, or Robert Creeley, to name unpublicized poets currently publishing finer verse than most of the more publicized names. But unless he possesses a kind of independence, the young poet today is stifled, conventionalized, de-lyricized by his own technical skill; examples of this de-lyricizing abound in every issue of the bigger "little" magazines.

The cause for so special a situation runs something like this. Now that the *enfant-terrible* Trail Blazers of the 1920's have become the mandarin Elder Statesmen of the 1950's, new young poets are arising who write from the start in these old men's styles and who are too glibly mature in modernist technique. Such young poets, Glossarists of the New Criticism *ab ovo*, seem to be wearing an urbane, ironic smile already from birth. Their conventionally "modern" style (conventionally "unconventional") is not something hard-won (as it was to their masters Tate or Stevens) but an unearned inheritance. When that new category of un-youthful younger poets (James Merrill, Anthony Hecht, Howard Moss are the most brilliant three in that category) gets the uncritical overpraise, the expected apostolic succession from some expected arbiter of *chicté*, this is doing their undeniable talents a disservice. For it discourages these particularly well-endowed young poets from growing beyond conventional modernism into a more personal lyricism.

AS OF NOW, Adrienne Rich (*A Change of World,* Yale University Press) seems the most effective of the very youngest group of new poets. One learns from her publisher's blurb that she has just graduated from Radcliffe and is still in her early twenties.

Besides her, the best two poets in their twenties are W. S. Merwin (*A Mask for Janus*, Yale University Press, 1952 and *The Dancing Bears,* Yale, 1954) and Peter Kane Dufault (*Angel of Accidence*, Macmillan, 1954). Merwin has the maturest control of rhythm-modulations, an art in itself; he also has the most promise for the future of any younger poet whatever today, provided that he learns—as Wilbur so magnificently learnt—to transcend a poise that charms too rapidly. Meanwhile Dufault proves with the following fourteener that the return to unabashed lyricism can take place in a Manhattan setting as easily as in any pastoral one:

Girl In The City

What blast's like this your body
against my street,
Girl from petite percussion of whose
heel
flesh flares like sudden sun, till each
stone feel
the withering updraught of my love.
Unsweet
catastrophe: for façade, cornice fall
and turn to powder where I did reside,
talk, traffic, play. I stand unfortified;

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the atoms are sucked loose from every
wall
and all's to build again. . . . O shapely
girl,
the world's old rhythm of ruin and
repair
responsible for!
Manhattan's arrogant polygon you hurl
into a million poems, as within
your pitiless symmetries, cities begin.

So much other work of equal promise is emerging from the same youngest age-group that any fuller listing of them would be as premature as would any pecking-order hierarchy of invidious comparisons.

What counts here is not yet the divergences, which will appear soon enough, but the shared sense of an exhilarating return to song, to ethical content, and to communication. You will find these three qualities abundant again in the poets whom, in contrast with "younger," you may call "youngest" (that is, in their twenties). Still relatively independent and unadjusted, still joyously unacademic and un-Alexandrianized, they at least are not the trained seals of the sleeker graduate schools, leaping through all the hoops of criticism-of-criticism and then gratefully swallowing a fishy "explication" in mid-air.

FROM these "youngest" poets (*i.e.*, in their twenties) let us move on to the more familiar "younger" poets (*i.e.*, in their thirties or early forties). Of this "younger" or middle group, Theodore Roethke and Richard Wilbur are the most original voices. Both have potentials of greatness: Wilbur in his wonderful smoothness, Roethke in his wonderful wildness. The qualities of the Dionysian Roethke and the Apollonian Wilbur supplement each other perfectly.

To convey ecstasy, not by explicit denotation but by rhythm and connotation, has a lucidity all its own, a meta-communication, a fourth dimension of meaning that transcends—in a way that 99 percent of obscure poets fail to do—the issue of clarity versus obscurity. Roethke belongs to this obscure but felicitous one percent. He is a poet of "fine phrenzie." Admittedly I am making grandiose claims for him. They can be substantiated not by my prose but by his verse (from *The Waking*, Doubleday, 1953):

I could watch! I could watch!
I saw the separateness of all things!
My heart lifted up with the great
grasses;
The weeds believed me, and the
nesting birds . . .
And I walked, I walked through the
light air;
I moved with the morning.

Any man who can write like this may well become a great poet of that same utter exaltation once sung by Rimbaud and Hoelderlin. Equally gifted in a different direction, Richard Wilbur is unsurpassed in sensitivity of simile and in delicacy of rhythmic undertones. He has all the qualities of a great artist except vulgarity.

By that I mean: he seems often to lack the human-all-too-human quality that gives a poet universal earthy humanity. That is the price he paid for the serenity of his first book, *The Beautiful Changes* (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947). But fortunately Wilbur's new capacity for a lurking ferocity has saved him from his greatest aesthetic danger: blandness. The subsurface terror beneath surface decorum is beautifully achieved by the closing lines of his second book, *Ceremony* (Harcourt, Brace, 1950):

What's lightly hid is deepest
understood,
And when with social smile and formal
dress
She teaches leaves to curtsey and
quadrille,
I think there are most tigers in the
wood.

AFTER Roethke and Wilbur, the third of our finest younger poets is Robert Lowell. His three books are crammed beyond endurance with blazing metaphors and condensed imagery. While Keats advised Shelley to fill his rifts with ore, the reader wishes Lowell would fill his solid ore with rifts. Most reviewers pigeonhole him (how convenient classifications can be) with "the Catholic poets" of our literature. But Lowell is not a Catholic poet in the sense, for example, of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Hopkins was Catholic to the core as a positive attitude. Lowell's poems reveal his Catholicism as a position taken for negative reasons, as a convulsive reaction against commercialism, against Boston, and against his own Brahmin Protestant heritage.

Robert Lowell is really the extreme of Protestant individualism, with a typically New England and Puritan introspectiveness carrying a perfectionist integrity so far that it turns against itself. But our true religious poets, like Hopkins, are Catholic out of love for God and not out of hate for godlessness; their faith is a salvation and not a self-destruction. If Lowell resolves, one way or another, this paradox, which even technically and stylistically makes too many of his poems Janus-faced and disintegrated, he will yet become the major American poet he was expected to be and fully deserves to be. And by "major" in the context of modern America, I mean a restorer—as once Hawthorne was—of man's sense of tragedy.

BESIDES Wilbur and Lowell, there are at least four other "younger" poets, at the end of their thirties, who are also of the highest merit. But unlike Wilbur and Lowell, these four have not yet achieved even a fraction of the recognition their lyricism truly calls for: Louis Simpson, Henry Rago, Isabella Gardner, Chad Walsh. None of them, for example, was included in a very large recent anthology of the best American poets.

Six years ago Louis Simpson published *The Arrivistes* (Fine Editions Press, 1947), a brilliant but still uneven book. Since then, his craftsmanship has matured excitingly; and he has published much better poems in *Partisan Review* and *American Scholar*, notably "Islanders" (dealing with Manhattan) and "True Weather for Women."

As he is very much a New York poet, so Henry Rago and Isabella Gardner are very much poets of Chicago. Add a Latin Catholic influence in the case of Rago and a New England Thoreau influence in the case of Gardner. Both demonstrate by their unspoilt spontaneity that unadjusted personalism can still be maintained by really gifted artists, even in the midst of the impersonal urban hurly-burly. Miss Gardner's first book of verse is scheduled for Spring of 1955 by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Rago's sensitively original work appears in several current magazines.

Chad Walsh, besides being a professor at Beloit College and editor of the excellent *Beloit Poetry Journal*, is an ordained Protestant minister notable for his courageous pulpit attacks on McCarthyism. His special gift is to make musical and moving a message which, in less inspired hands, would be merely didactic and merely explicit. His book *Eden Two-Way* (Harpers, 1954) proves that beauty of utterance is not at all in-

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compatible with the most rigorous intellectuality.

Apropos the return of young Americans to lyricism, the main influence, of course, is Dylan Thomas. But it would be unjust to overlook in this connection the indirect influence of a poet somewhat older and less known: Kenneth Rexroth. In one sense, his lyricism is religious; but his is the pantheism of Saint Pan, not the monotheism of Rago's and Walsh's Christianity. In *The Dragon and The Unicorn* (New Directions, 1953), Rexroth unfortunately perpetrates global travelogues of broken-up prose, interspersed with Yeatsian refrains of Earthy Ecstasy: a style I should define as mating Crazy Jane with Rand McNally. But elsewhere—for example, in *The Signature of All Things* (New Directions, 1949)—Rexroth shows a contagious spontaneity that is sheer joy to read aloud.

A less lyrical but more soul-searching writer, a "younger" poet whose influence on "youngest" poets is salutary in its anti-glibness, is Richard Eberhart. His latest book, *Undercliff* (Chatto and Windus, 1953), has also been printed in this country by the Oxford University Press. Eberhart's more careful poems achieve a unique kind of brooding nostalgia; I love them for their beauty but, equally, for their awkwardness: their massive, moody moral strength. A rough-hewen, honorable, forthright quality in Eberhart, a conscientious refusal to use the easy smooth patter of the current yearners for "elegance," gives his work an integrity simultaneously ethical and aesthetic.

These reflections began by envisaging a new heroism for the artist and writer in industrial America, no longer the hackneyed old melodrama of trumpet or soapbox but the role of the Unadjusted Man, who deflates the smooth-running tires of everything well-adjusted and outer-directed. Thereby the Unadjusted Man is the true conservative, guarding and building upon our unmechanized inner values of the spirit, while equally the true revolutionist against the ephemeral idols and pompous lip-service of cant. Part of that two-fold artist-role has been expressed nowhere better than in a poem by Mark Van Doren, "The Close Clan" (note the current appearance of his selected poems with Henry Holt, New York). The title "Close Clan" refers to those dedicated guardians of man's aspiration who somehow redeem their crass society by being simultaneously its exiles, queer ducks and catalysts:

> Even from themselves they are a secret,
> The like ones that dwell so far
> asunder. . . .
> But the flesh lives in certain ones
> that wind
> And dust and simple being have
> distinguished.
> Whatever these, and howsoever born,
> They are the ones with perfect-lidded
> eyes. . . .
> They are the ones who comprehend the
> darkness,
> And carry it all day, and sweeten it.

A Scientist's Dilemma

by Paul Engle

A SCIENTIST, Allerd Pennington, who had worked on an aspect of the atomic bomb without knowing the real purpose of his job, disappears on the day the bomb is exploded over Hiroshima. When he discovers that he has contributed to the most stupendous moment of destruction in the world's history, and has, in a sense, been tricked into his contribution by not being told in advance the ultimate purpose toward which he and the other scientists at the laboratory were working, he feels that he must take his stand on the side of humanity. So he flees.

The Hound of Earth, by Vance Bourjaily (Scribners; $3.50).

But why should he disappear into the dreary life of an anonymous fugitive (he was in the army at the time of his flight, and therefore was actually a deserter), instead of making a public protest? At the book's end, when he is waiting for his arrest, Pennington (known now as Al Barker) explains that he was fleeing not from this one action only, but from science itself, which he felt had betrayed him and the world.

> I was loyal to science, and it was a higher loyalty than loyalty to country. A scientist didn't work for his country, I thought; he worked for knowledge. . . . I thought a scientist worked for knowledge as an artist works for art. But the artist's goal was partly individual; he worked for his art and for himself. And the scientist worked . . . for knowledge and the next man along.

When he found that science was working "for nothing more than nationalities, I remember thinking: 'Science is dead, now,' and I had no loyalty left for anything."

But was he not betraying at least his own wife and children by his flight? His answer was: "As long as I stayed and worked at the only work I knew, I was betraying them and all wives and all children." What he tried to do in abandoning not only his job but his family was to abandon the whole rational structure of the modern world, and make himself into an unskilled worker, doing menial jobs. But this novel has a more complex theme than the repudiation of a machine age based on science. In the end, Al Barker, once the intelligent scientist Allerd Pennington and now stock room clerk in a department store, rushing toys to counters in the pre-Christmas rush, is trapped by his own humanity, the same generous impulse which led him to leave his job originally. Because he permits himself to become involved in the private lives of the people with whom he works, he is committed beyond his intention:

> . . . caught at last. He had tried to run and, weary of running, rested; and resting, been unable to reject forever and ended by accepting them all; his love for Nickie, his pity for Finn, his responsibility to Tom, his fascination and compassion for the horror of Dolly, the impulse to oppose M'nerney—the need to take his stand. These things had held him, involved him, chased and trapped him, deprived him of his freedom to live alone with guilt—the hound of earth had caught him. No man, no matter what his time, his country, his condition, training, heredity or philosophy, forever escapes that hound, his own humanity.

That is the theme of this novel. But such a statement does little justice to one of the strongest forces in the novel: all of the action is set over against the bizarre rush of Christmas business. The characters in the store are amusingly and convincingly drawn: the hard-faced Dolly, a Lesbian who kills herself by

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drinking strychnine in warm milk from a nursing bottle, after having been discovered in her violation of a salesgirl at her counter; the hearty Finn, who runs the toy department as if it were an athletic contest. There is much humor and much vitality, and a large exuberance in the prose.

But the book has two restraints. One is the vagueness of Allerd Pennington. Mr. Bourjaily has chosen not to show the struggle Al had with his conscience, but to take up the driven man's life after he has been wandering for some years. The result is that the reader must take on pure faith so dramatic an act as Al's flight from job, army and family. He is a warm and attractive person in the book, but the struggle of mind is not revealed, save when he must decide whether to flee from San Francisco, when he has reason to believe that he is being watched, or stay and help the men and women who need him.

Another flaw in the book is the occasional falsely literary tone of the prose:

> Even the few customers who hurried in seemed to catch the general mood of feckless exhilaration which followed as tension drained away; they would slow their shopper's pace, smile as if caught in a harmless folly, and drift bemused about the department. . . .

But there are fine insights here also: "the well-dressed man wears a cluster of nerve-ends in his buttonhole"; "Society wanted to punish me for the impulse of decency"; they were "shoppers among the soiled goods in the eternal clearance sale of the world."

The liveliness of the department store events and people is so diverting that often one forgets the actual over-riding intent of the novel. But in the end there remains a solid sense of a human issue dropped down in the midst of decent people, an issue which is as close to all of us as the morning paper.

Time and the Biographer

by Leon Edel

I WANT to suggest that biography—and literary biography in particular—has been too much concerned with recitals of fact—the massed chronicle, the overwhelming card index—and not sufficiently concerned with the quality of the lived life. By the quality of the lived life I mean the awarenesses, the intensities, the moments of feeling and depths of experience that constitute the fundamental part of living, that part which we glimpse not so much in a writer's letters (which are often structured and artificial), but which is buried in the texture of his work, those inner dreams he has translated with verbal beauty into art—that art which has made him important enough to become the subject of a biography. Because so much of this touches upon the subjective, biographers very properly tend to take refuge in things palpable and proveable—unless indeed they have so few facts that they can prove nothing at all. Whole biographies have been created around the magic word "doubtless"—and doubtless many more such will be written.

The modern biographer has less excuse for resorting to this word. He has, in an age that builds whole libraries to house the papers of Presidents, an embarrassment of riches. He is faced with a bewildering accumulation of documents; his subjects are so aware of the historic tick of the clock that they sometimes even record their telephone conversations for posterity. When documentation runs into tonnage, and papers threaten to smother the biographer, he is justified in casting about for some way in which to return to the essence of a life rather than its massive paper substance. Boswell boasted that he allowed Dr. Johnson to talk in his own voice as often as possible. The modern biographer, armed with recordings, can do this even more literally than Boswell, but his subject is quite likely to talk the reader into utter boredom.

The biographer is thus placed in the position of melting down his documents, a procedure Boswell deprecated. Not only this, but having melted them down he must somehow restore to them a proper relationship to time, to a time that is past, to clocks which ticked in other years and sometimes other centuries. More important still, he must discover from the great melted mass a relationship to that time which refuses to take into account the phlegmatic face of the clock—time as it really exists in our lives, psychological time.

What kind of time is this? It is the time about which Marcel Proust wrote in his quest for his vanished years, his attempt to recover lost feelings, lost moments, old experiences, through a deliberate process of association and memory. But how can a biographer do this—a biographer who finds on his table, or in the big library, not lost feelings, lost moments, old experiences, but a great mass of papers with words on them—deeds, letters—letters often filled with subterfuge, exaggeration, wishful thinking, deliberate falsehoods—testimonials, manuscripts, diaries, memoirs, notebooks, bank checks, newspaper clippings, great chaotic masses of material?

These documents are, of course, particles of time. The consciousness that informed them and to which they belonged is gone. The death of their owner has levelled them into a relative uniformity. What the biographer does (he can do nothing else) is to absorb them into his living consciousness; it is *his* mind which acts as surrogate for the mind that has been extinguished. In other words, the living, associating, remembering biographer's mind must restore a time-sense to the relatively timeless mass of words assembled before him.

A BIOGRAPHER, nevertheless, can never become his subject, although many, many biographers, I suspect, write under this illusion. Moreover, there is no way by which he can recover completely the lost time, since only fragments of that time are now available—even when they come to him by the ton. Many of these moments or fragments have been fortuitously preserved—and how much of the life has been lost altogether that was never put into a document? How are the old moments of consciousness to be relived, how may the old hours and days, the whole lifetime, be brought together again, and the time sense of the lived life conveyed to a reader, in a time removed from the other, the lost time? It is a challenging question. The answer is not easily found.

Within the last year or so André Maurois and Allan Nevins have discussed the question of biography in

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the *New York Times Book Review*. M. Maurois held that we can write a life but we must do it chronologically; we must not allude to the baby in the crib on page one as a novelist, since the baby won't become a novelist until many pages later. This is a kind of make-believe concept of biography, for in reality the reader has bought the book because he knows very well that the baby did become an important novelist—important enough to be a subject of biographical study. Mr. Nevins, on the other hand, was not concerned with make-believe; he felt, as an historian, that lives, in the very nature of things, can only be documentary—free use of letters and anecdotes to illustrate personality, careful delineation of the social, political or intellectual background. Yet I would submit that neither M. Maurois, whose concept of biography tends to be that of a novelist, and Mr. Nevins, who has an historian's love for accumulations of papers, offers us a complete answer to our question.

To be chronological—is that not to wed a life to the clock and the calendar? And is this not the way most lives are lived? To use documents freely—is that not to mold a life out of paper and to attach importance to papers on occasion merely because they happen to have survived? I will grant M. Maurois that a certain temporal progression is necessary in a biography and that the babe in the cradle on page one must inevitably grow. Yet we must be extremely careful not to harness his growth to a chronometer.

When we speak of the seasons we divide the year roughly into four parts but we know that there is no one day on which all the leaves wither and drop from the trees, no one moment when the buds of spring become the full green foliage of summer. So when we speak of the poet and deal with his infancy, his youth, his maturity, his old age, we must be aware that these are artificial divisions we create for convenience. "We are never old, that is we never cease easily to be young, for *all* life at the same time," wrote Henry James. "Youth is an army, the whole battalion of our faculties and our freshnesses, our passions and our illusions, on a considerably reluctant march into the enemy's country, the country of the general lost freshness. . . ."

One has only to look into one's own life to grasp the meaning of this most unchronological march. Is it an engagement book or is it a cluster of memories and associations, feelings old and new, intensities and boredoms, a sequence of days that seem like years and years that seem like days? The reader of this article may be 20 or 70 but at any moment, even while looking upon this print, his mind may recapture an image of himself fishing by a trout-stream or rolling a snowman on the prairie. I am not suggesting for a moment that a biographer can recover from inanimate documents or even literary works that quantity of memory steeped in light and shade and filled with the aroma of hawthorn and lilac that Proust was able to give us. Nor do I argue that it is desirable to do so. But I do believe that biographers should remind themselves that a life they are writing was not a series of facts on cards but was once filled with feeling and with poetry, with moments of light and moments of darkness, with brooding despair and also exaltation.

But how are we to place our subject, whether he is poet or president, in psychological time rather than mechanical time, how are the incidents of his life to be treated not as isolated moments but as part of a life that was a continuum? Each life is different; each demands its own treatment and that treatment will be dictated by the documents that time has preserved. Where the data is abundant, however, there is no reason why the biographer, by his manipulation of time, should not succeed in recreating an illusion of life, without becoming fictional and without doing violence to his documents.

He can do this, I would suggest, by disregarding M. Maurois' injunction—by being as unchronological as necessary, by treating the baby in the cradle as the novelist-to-be and treating the formed novelist as the baby he once was. What the biographer should seek in his documents at every turn, it seems to me, is not only what happened, but what everything that happened meant to his subject. We are all composites of what we have been; there are in our lives ever-recurring patterns, each mind has its individual images, its private symbols; by illuminating these and shuttling backward and forward in time we can see our figure constantly as what-he-was and what-he-became; we come closer in a flat narrated chronicle to such biographical truth as it may be possible to achieve.

Virginia Woolf, whose novels markedly show the influence of Proust and who was brilliantly aware that any moment in a life can be as essence of all the moments that have preceded it, wrote her fantasy-biography *Orlando* with an acute awareness of the time-sense of which I speak. There is temporal progression in it, but there is also a melting together of personal and national experience until finally all England seems embodied in Orlando himself-herself, a composite of masculine and feminine and of English history and literature across the centuries. When we realize how much of the past is around us from the moment we are born, in the persons of our parents and relations, in the words used and the patterns of life surrounding us, and how much of this past enters the warp and woof of our consciousness, we can begin to understand the seeming madness of the word composites of *Finnegans Wake*, which are also symbolic of the human composites that we are.

Since I have invoked Orlando it might be interesting to glance at Virginia Woolf's more conventional biography, that of the art critic Roger Fry. The very first sentence of this book is a quotation from a fragment of Fry's autobiography: "I lived the first six years of my life in the small eighteenth century house at No. 6 The Grove, Highgate. This garden is still for me the imagined background for almost any garden scene that I read of in books. . . ." And so for all of us the real gardens mingle with the imagined gardens. We imagine nothing that we have not in some way experienced. We create nothing that is not a synthesis of fragments of experience. The biographer creates from similar fragments but they are sparse

NEXT WEEK

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of D. H. Lawrence, Frieda Lawrence Ravagli writes about the man her husband was and the life they had.

Also, *The Roosevelt Leadership*, by E. E. Robinson, will be reviewed by Arthur Schesinger Jr.

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and scattered among the years; he cannot recapture the extinguished consciousness of his subject yet he is bound to recover, if he moves backward and forward in time, something of the atmosphere of the life that was lived.

There is a scientific side to biography which relates to the handling of the documents, the exploration of their relevance and their order, their authentication. This material may be said to be as scientific as oil paints in tubes. Ultimately the biographer must paint his portrait with them. He can paint only from his angle of vision and from his time and its relation to the time he seeks to recover. Yet if he paints carefully, using his prescribed pigments and mixing his colors without falsification, there is no reason why in the end he should not be able to hang before his readers a reasonable likeness rather than a card-index, a cluttered attic, a figure of *papier-mâché*.

An Inquiry into Diplomacy

by Claude G. Bowers

IN his Chivhele lectures at Oxford on *The Evolution of the Diplomatic Method* we find Harold Nicolson's usual brilliance of expression, but these are more provocative than his charming biographies and memoirs; he deals here with principles, not personalities, and we miss the artistry of his portraiture.

The Evolution of the Diplomatic Method, by Sir Harold Nicolson, (Macmillan; $2.25).

This makes this little book none the less important. Here we have the diplomatic methods and failures of the ancient Greeks, the Romans, the Italians noted for the duplicity absorbed from the Byzantines and defended by Machiavelli, and the French from the time of Richelieu and Grotius until the Revolution. The Greek method failed because of the inevitable discord when international relations are slovenly debated in the streets, and there is an inability to find a correct distribution of responsibilities between the executive and legislative branches of government. The Romans rendered an important service in the great days of the Republic by establishing some semblance of order in international relations and in stressing the sanctity of international agreements. But when Rome became the master of the world and imposed its will on other peoples by brute force, diplomacy became a mockery. The Italians adopted the methods of Constantinople, transmitted through Venice, based on cynical duplicity, suspicion, espionage and occasionally murder, and for many years the world followed the sinister philosophy of Machiavelli. Louis XI of France, an apt pupil, instructing an ambassador of his, said: "If they lie to you, see to it that you lie much more to them."

Nicolson finds much to admire in the French system, established by Richelieu, which rested somewhat on the lofty principles of Grotius. It assumes that diplomacy should aim, not at incidental or opportunist arrangements, but at the establishment of solid and durable relations; that no policy could succeed unless backed by national opinion; that treaties should be entered into with caution, but once signed, should be religiously observed. The great Cardinal-diplomat was to introduce into sound diplomacy the element of certainty and this was something new. And because the contradictions among leaders as to policies, principles and purposes confused the outside world, he created the first Ministry of Foreign Affairs which alone could speak with authority. "He saw," says Nicolson, "that the dispersal of responsibility bewildered not only his own ambassadors but those with whom they might be negotiating. . . . He therefore assured that the word of command in foreign affairs should be delivered by a single voice only and not by a chorus of dissenting voices." Here we have the accepted diplomatic method until the French Revolution. Without accepting it entirely, Nicolson thinks it perhaps the best that has been devised.

It is quite clear that Nicolson is not partial to the present day method of dealing with delicate, even dangerous, international relations through conferences. Referring to the ideas of Louis XIV, he says, with evident approval: "Louis XIV, being a man of intelligence and reflection, did not at all approve of diplomacy by Conference. He thought this was a slow, expensive and cumbrous method of negotiation and preferred confidential discussions between experts." Quoting Louis: "Open negotiations incline negotiators to consider their own prestige . . . and prevent them from giving way to superior arguments of the occasion." He knew it to be easier to make concessions in private discussions than when many observers are present around the table. And, says Nicolson, he knew that "international relations are less likely to become tense or embittered if they are handled by professionals."

It was during the prevalence of the French system that François de Callières published his great work in 1716. No one else, says Nicolson, "has given so clear, so complete, or so unanswerable a definition of good diplomatic method," Callières was clearly a thoroughly civilized person. He scorned deceit in negotiations as sowing the dragons teeth of inevitable future suspicions and hates, and he submitted that the "secret of negotiations is to harmonize the real interests of the parties concerned." In these days of threats and vain boasting it is interesting to find his warning that "menaces do harm to negotiations since they often push a party to extremes to which they would not have resorted but for provocation." He frowned on soldiers as diplomatic negotiators "since the Ambassador should be a man of peace."

PASSING to the transition from the old to the new, Nicolson agrees that the international picture has changed since the days of Richelieu, but, since human nature has not greatly changed, he suggests that many features of the old system may be kept today. Noting that the Balance of Power plan prevented numerous wars, he doubts the wisdom of its abandonment but concedes that a return to it is improbable. He is clearly skeptical of open covenants openly arrived at through international conferences with the doors thrown wide open to the uninformed loungers in the streets, and he still thinks that negotiations should be continuous and secret, something "essentially different from that governing the itinerate public conference with which we have become familiar." He is sure negotiations can be conducted more effectively by ambassadors on the ground, familiar with the negotiator across the

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table, with conditions in the country and the psychology of the people, than by temporary ambassadors from the army or the business world who are usually indifferent to diplomatic method and ignorant of political reactions. He quotes Jules Cambon, "the best professional diplomat of the century," who said that "the day when secrecy is abolished, negotiations of any kind become impossible."

While not saying so in so many words these lectures have application to weaknesses today that are particularly American. Thus the warning:

> Delicate negotiations on dangerous subjects should be conducted in secret in their initial stages rather than in open Conferences with full publicity inviting an acrimonious clamor of uninformed criticism.
>
> There should be one authoritative spokesman on international policy to prevent confusion as to purpose, free from the contradiction of other officials, and the spokesman must be, as Richelieu planned, the head of the department entrusted with international negotiations.
>
> Menaces and flamboyant boasting should be avoided, since they are destructive of all possibilities of an agreement; and public men must be persuaded that the public is concerned not at all with their personal prestige and selfish political advantage but with the preservation of peace if it can be preserved with honor.

Mr. Nicolson looks back with nostalgia to the old days with which he was intimately identified, and whether the reader agrees with all his conclusions or not, these brilliant lectures are illuminating and instructive and may well be read by young men entering a diplomatic career and pondered as well by the veterans.

Late Thaw of a Frozen Image

by Jay Leyda

THIS will be a year for changing our minds about Emily Dickinson—newly estimating her poetry and adjusting to biographical upsets—if we are able. In 1937 R. P. Blackmur wrote of her: "Few poets have benefited generally, and suffered specifically, from such a handsome or fulsome set of prejudices, which, as they are expressed, seem to remove the need for any actual reading at all" . . . and we have reached 1955 without any noticeable change in our Dickinson prejudice. In the interval the suffering has grown so specific as to seem a constant mutilation of the poetry by biographically induced speculation.

Though it is consoling to imagine a future generation of readers who will view Emily Dickinson's poetry through no filter of cheap melodrama or of cheaper sentiment, it is sad that we today receive such a small part of the mind and art that were put into these poems. It almost persuades one to surrender wholly to the New Criticism, and ignore the poet altogether, for every book that imposed a biographical formula for understanding her poetry cancelled most of the poetry to prove its point.

Emily Dickinson is a conspicuous victim of a scholastic tendency to freeze our concepts of a writer's life, perhaps because a frozen concept is easier to grasp, and to pass on, than those more slippery and troublesome non-objects known as artists. There are music-listening courses that use the tags of "Papa Haydn" and "the charming Mozart," and courses in American literature have developed similar labels whose harm far outweighs their convenience. "Our Emily" is in much the same position as that "comical Mark Twain" before Van Wyck Brooks showed him, newly and darkly, to us. *Our* Emily, of course, unaware of community and nation, never sees anyone, never wears any color but white, never does a lick of work about the house beyond baking batches of cookies for secret delivery to favorite children and meditating majestically among her flowers—this is an Emily who remains hidden in her second-floor bedroom, jotting down little verses that help her to keep alive the great love that she renounced many, many years since. This is the image foisted on us for so long that we now accept it as fact; we not only suspect anything we hear that does not "fit," but we criticize Miss Dickinson for being this absurd fiction.

One explanation is to be found in the fact that published materials have been so fragmentary that anyone with an active imagination could invent a version of Emily to suit his own, and his publisher's purpose. (This year, though, may mark the end of the factional warfare that has stood so long between the poet and her public, and whose worst injury was to keep the poet's work and papers divided and mysterious.) Curiously, no matter how at variance were the biographers in their choices of villain and hero to close triangles around the martyr-heroine, all agreed on certain factors that were equally fictitious: "the poet no one knew"—the woman who renounced society for love's sake—the princess-in-the-tower—the loveless woman who turned to poetry—"the American Elizabeth Barrett who didn't escape"—etc., *ad nauseam*. For lurid example, here are program summaries of two scenes in one of the Emily-operas:

> Act II: While visiting in Philadelphia, she hears a sermon by the famous minister, Charles Wadsworth, and feeling tremendously drawn to him, seeks his counsel. She tells him that she feels "lost without faith" but "loves the world too dearly to renounce it." Wadsworth, too, is attracted by her brilliant mind. During her visit to his study, she discovers that he is married.
>
> Act III, Scene 2: Emily's family mourn her grief-stricken state and Lavinia discovers her secret, promises never to leave her. Emily begins telling her love in her poetry "Her Letter to the World." In a moment of revelation she sees herself as the dedicated wife of Charles who tells her that great love and Eternity are one. This then becomes her refuge and "Home" on a plane not of this world.

It's no good laughing at this; so nicely does it overlap the too, too solid bosh that we all catch ourselves believing in some part. It is so much easier to accept such a pattern than to work out for oneself the complex motives and half-visible ideals of an American woman in the nineteenth century who knew she was a good poet. The bosh has polluted some of the best writing about Emily Dickinson. Richard Chase built a valuable critical examination of her work on a wobbly base of uncritical acceptance of biographical error. Thornton Wilder

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went further, ... ving a fancied, arch, doll-like figure ... the poet to show to him only arch and doll-like qualities in her poetry, and pushing most of her writing aside in the process.

THE Dickinson critics who promoted flexibility in our attitudes to her have always been in the minority. It took the perception of Allen Tate to attack the legend: "All pity for Miss Dickinson's 'starved life' is misdirected. Her life was one of the richest and deepest ever lived on this continent." Conrad Aiken was right to call her choice "deliberate and conscious" (but wrong to believe that she chose to become "a hermit"). In Amherst itself, where the temptation was greatest to create a peculiar figure named Emily, George Whicher's was a lonely voice of objectivity; the insights of his biography, *This Was a Poet*, will survive factual correction. In a following generation, Henry Wells studied Emily Dickinson's poetry without noise and with an ear for wit and sharpness, qualities often obscured by the legend; and F. O. Matthiessen examined "the private poet" and her work with a healthy skepticism.

Stefansson has a wonderful term for our reluctance to revise set patterns: "the standardization of error." We've so standardized our ways of thinking about Emily Dickinson that we tend to resent anything that disturbs the neat, cold shape handed us—our *fable convenue*, our fraudulent monument. For the present and future—and in spite of the welcome quantity of new material being placed at our disposal this year—we should regard Blackmur's admonition as law: "It is imperative to allow for continuous error."

We froze our Emily-image so long ago that it's bewildering to survey all the "new" material that has done little to alter it in the past twenty years. It is not the expanded 1931 edition of her *Letters* that one finds on most library shelves—but the first collection of 1894. It was also that first collection that was popularly reprinted a few years ago—the freed copyright apparently a stronger motive than public information. Today, four years after Theodora Ward published a new Dickinson correspondence containing plenty that didn't "fit," and embellished with some of the sanest comment ever made on this poet's personality, you will find few, even among Dickinson fans, who have bothered to read these new letters—for frozen concepts are also locked concepts, protected from any contaminating breeze blowing outside the freezer. And there were feverish admirers of Dickinson's poetry who refused—on grounds that do not bear close examination—to read the 600+ new poems in *Bolts of Melody*. So it is not really surprising to watch the new documents that Millicent Bingham published this past fall (in *Emily Dickinson—A Revelation*) pass almost unnoticed. The legend-fed fans do well to ignore Mrs. Bingham's book—it requires an overhauling of everything they've wanted to believe about Emily's life and "tragedy," for here are the first love-letters from her to reach print, and they are *happy* love-letters,—and O Heavens, what will we do with all our old frustration theories and explanations of—of a life we know little or nothing about?!

Its modest size may have made it easy to put the Bingham *Revelation* out of sight and mind, but that should not be the case with the book she promises for this Spring; *Emily Dickinson's Home* is to be a large volume (originally intended for publication some years ago, to precede the *Revelation*) that will publish all the Dickinson family's correspondence in Mrs. Bingham's possession, including the complete texts of Emily's letters to her brother Austin, only a few of which were permitted print in 1894. It is impossible to imagine that our picture of the Dickinson household and of Emily as a part of that household will remain what it was before the publication of *Home*. (Who knows, though?—for *Revelation* seems to have changed few minds about Emily Dickinson's "lone love-affair.") As for Mrs. Bingham's mission, to print all her Dickinson documents: that is to be com-

Children Selecting Books in a Library

With beasts and gods, above, the wall is bright.
The child's head, bent to the book-colored shelves,
Is slow and sidelong and food-gathering,
Moving in blind grace . . . Yet from the mural, Care,
The grey-eyed one, fishing the morning mist,
Seizes the baby hero by the hair

And whispers, in the tongue of gods and children,
Words of a doom as ecumenical as dawn
But blanched, like dawn, with dew. The children's cries
Are to men the cries of crickets, dense with warmth
—But dip a finger into Fafnir, taste it,
And all their words are plain as chance and pain.

Their tales are full of sorcerers and ogres
Because their lives are: the capricious infinite
That, like parents, no one has yet escaped
Except by luck or magic; and since strength
And wit are useless, be kind or stupid, wait
Some power's gratitude, the tide of things.

Read meanwhile . . . hunt among the shelves, as dogs do, grasses,
And find one cure for Everychild's diseases
Beginning: *Once upon a time there was*
A wolf that fed, a mouse that warned, a bear that rode
A boy. Us men, alas! wolves, mice, bears bore.
And yet wolves, mice, bears, children, gods and men

In slow perambulation up and down the shelves
Of the universe are seeking . . . who knows except themselves?
What some escape to, some escape; if we find Swann's
Way better than our own, and trudge on at the back
Of the north wind to— to— somewhere east
Of the sun, west of the moon, it is because we live

By trading another's sorrow for our own; another's
Impossibilities, still unbelieved in, for our own . . .
"I am myself still"? For a little while, forget:
The world's selves cure that short disease, myself,
And we see bending to us, dewy-eyed, the great
CHANGE, dear to all things not to themselves endeared.

RANDALL JARRELL

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pleted this Summer with publication (in the *New England Quarterly*) of all remaining prose fragments, notes and letter drafts—news that should excite any one eager to learn about this poet's craft.

BEFORE the end of Summer we shall see a major and troubling event in American literature—for the first time all of Emily Dickinson's manuscript poems will be printed as she left them, and for the first time a volume entitled *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* will have full right to the title. Thomas H. Johnson, the editor of the Harvard variorum text (a project, by the way, that was called for by Matthiessen in 1945), is the first to trust the work to appear in print *as it stands*, with no tinkering. And, also for the first time, the poems are to appear outside the confinement of categories (no longer will some of her best allegories be buried in the "Nature" department), arranged in a single chronology. A guarantee of his properly unemotional approach to the task was promised in the *Harvard Library Bulletin*:

> The dating of the poems is conjectural in most instances, and will always remain so. Dates have been arrived at by all scraps of evidence, associative and direct, that can be adduced, including painstaking studies of handwriting and of stationery. A detailed account of the evidence and its use will accompany the publication of the poems.

It will no longer be possible to think of her as a casual artist, leaning on chance, hoping for the happy accident (even though it would seem that the very preservation of her poems was dangerously close to "accidental"). The variorum edition will show how deliberate an artist it was who hammered out those not-quite-strange, not-quite-familiar, and altogether individual colors and edges. But will we be able to read these poems freshly, without resenting the removal of the editorial freedoms and mistakes that have become a familiar part of them? He who reads these as the work of an undiscovered poet will be rewarded with pleasure and surprise, and I pray that young poets will try the experiment.

This Autumn, shortly after the appearance of the *Poems*, Thomas Johnson will issue his critical, or interpretative biography, drawing upon materials in Harvard's Dickinson collection; and this will be followed, as soon thereafter as possible, by Harvard's new edition of the *Letters*, edited by Johnson with Mrs. Ward. The *Letters* should make it inescapably clear (though most of the evidence has long been before us) that Emily Dickinson composed in prose with all the care and calculation she expended on each poem, even those sent with flowers to a neighbor, and I hope that the *Letters* will stimulate more work on her completely individual prose style.

IT is hard to throw the whole blame of Dickinson interpretation on "biographical curiosity." That in itself should be no evil (I believe that nothing but good can come of making all facts available to all), but its single direction—in search of The Lover—has harmed Emily, and us. Anyone who has worked on Dickinson problems must have grown sick of that question, "Who *was* he?" To all misguided biographers (and to all the readers they have misguided) who have sought single Lover candidates to explain all Italy's behavior and all her poetry, Mrs. Bingham addresses a warning in her *Revelation*: "It cannot be said too emphatically or too often that Emily Dickinson's understanding of the human heart is not to be explained in terms of a relationship to any one person." This is a revealing statement, and is supported by such a gallery of men who enjoyed Emily's friendship as to make suspect all the stories we've been told, not only about the Lover, but about her isolation from all society. Despite the revelations in *Revelation*, of what Judge Lord had really meant to Emily, he is still less tangible for her admirers than the almost entirely hypothetical relation to her of the Rev. Wadsworth. Poor Wadsworth!—as much a victim of the inventors and as deserving of our pity, therefore, as Emily. I predict cries of pain when the real relation between minister and poet is established.

Publishers, too, have added little to the sobriety of Dickinson studies, with their never-kept promises that each new book about her would, for the first and last time, tell *all* about her and rend every biographical veil. It is even possible to excuse the rejection by the Emilyites of new books, and applaud their suspicion of book-jacket lures. After all, even "Revelation" is a very large word.

Is it really possible that we can be shut away from the full work or real personality of so vital a poet? Can *any* false structure, no matter how [illegible]ttressed by "family tradition" and scholarly authority, by poetical tributes and pilgrimages, by novels, plays, even b[illegible] operas and a dance, forever obscure the real person who wrote those rear[illegible]ems? I prefer to believe that this particular personality and its work are so powerful that there will always be enough scattered dissatisfaction (with the obvious contrast between real and unreal) to prevent a false image from finally hardening.

The worthiest aim for all Dickinson scholarship of the future is to make it easier for her poetry to speak directly and freshly to every reader. No pattern, please.

Six New Novels

by Harvey Curtis Webster

IF ALL MEN are potentially and in every way equal and if we in the United States have succeeded in realizing that potentiality, Frank Yerby's *Benton's Row* is the greatest novel published in 1954. Between November 29 and December 31 it sold 54,724 copies. Like the other eight novels he has published since 1946, presumably it will continue to flourish for months to come (more than twelve million copies of his books have been sold; each one of them has been a book club selection). Yet Mr. Yerby has never won a prize and his novels have never been praised by any critic as enthusiastically as they have been by the writer of the dustjacket of *Benton's Row*: "This is a book in the magnificent tradition of the American historical novel."

Apparently this tradition that enchants a high proportion of the half of our population that reads one or more books yearly includes the telling of spellbinding stories about four or more generations (to paraphrase the dust-

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jacket) and a good deal about passions of all kinds. A good example of the latter is Tom Benton who steals the wife (the one who lasts through four generations and is sort of a cross between Scarlet O'Hara and Ma Joad with maybe a little Amber thrown in), the slaves, the land, and the life of a less lusty and roaring Southerner. Surely something somewhere must be wrong.

Benton's Row, by Frank Yerby (Dial; $3.50). *South Street*, by William Gardner Smith (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3.50). *The Day of the Lion*, by Giose Rimanelli (Random House; $3). *Trial*, by Don M. Mankiewicz (Harper; $3.50). *Out Went the Candle*, by Harvey Swados (Viking; $3.95). *The New Men*, by C. P. Snow (Scribner's; $3.50).

Whatever is wrong cannot be blamed entirely upon the publishers; obviously "the people" about whom we'd like to say "yes" buy and are satisfied. Whatever is wrong cannot be blamed upon Mr. Yerby entirely, though it is regrettable that a man who once wrote excellent stories for *Common Ground* has decided to devote his talent to appealing to the lowest common denominator (I will defend with my life his right to do so); he is no worse than the manufacturers of many commodities the people insist on buying. All of us are guilty. The publishers and writers and booksellers and editors who consciously or subconsciously put profit before conscience. The teachers who exalt the writers of the past and forget the writers of the present. The other teachers who do the reverse. The lazy escapist reader. The critics and reviewers who demonstrate their own cleverness rather than the substance and quality of what they write about, who condescend to all but the few the highest brows have chosen, who pay scant attention to merely good novels and thereby encourage the best seller system, the playing down of mere merit and the playing up of books almost as sensational as the pictures on their jackets used to be. I am a sinner on several counts and I repent.

William Gardner Smith's *South Street,* to put it conservatively, is ten times as valuable as any of Mr. Yerby's novels. It is an honest, competent novel about Philadelphia's South Street and the Negroes who live there. Although I do not think it is as good as Mr. Smith's very good novel about Negro soldiers in Germany, *The Last of the Conquerors*, I hesitate to say so, for *South Street* is a book even the white *intelligentsia* could learn from. But it is clearly not as important as Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* or Richard Wright's *The Outsider* because neither the insights nor the presentation is as original. I am glad that I read Mr. Smith's novel, hope that his next novels will be better, and wish I could persuade about a million people away from *Benton's Row* to *South Street.*

Likewise, and somewhat more emphatically, with Giose Rimanelli's first novel, *The Day of the Lion*, apparently well translated from the Italian by Ben Johnson. Like most of the young Italians, Mr. Rimanelli has the courage to write freshly ("I looked off at the southern sky. It was fragile enough to tear.") and he has an intimate knowledge of what he writes about that makes the novel consistently ring true.

Of course it is true that his fundamental insight is not an immense variation upon that that has appeared in other Italian and some German novels: children born in unlucky times forget their hearts somewhere. Still *The Day of the Lion* was a sufficient variation for me to like it and it may be read with profit by many if its reviewers don't spend most of their time showing how Moravia, Pratolini, etc., have done this better and anyhow they'd known all along about this and aren't the Italians too much affected by Hemingway who is bound to become passé now that he's won the Nobel Prize (unless he dies). To have one excellent novel thousands must be published. Young writers such as Mr. Rimanelli inevitably have not developed (but may develop) profound insights. To have great writers we must have good and bad writers too. Readers of *The Robe* are better than readers of superman comics and may be coaxed ultimately to read *The Nazarene.*

No coaxing will be necessary to get readers to Don Mankiewicz's Harper's $10,000 prize novel. It is an expertly contrived, serious novel that deserves its place on the list of best sellers. *Trial* centers about the problems of David Blake, an instructor in a Far-west law school who gets a "practical" education in a hurry while he defends Angel Chavez, a young Mexican accused of attempted rape and murder. Before the novel closes the reader learns a good deal about Communists, ex-Communists, native Fascists, investigating committees and the difference between theoretical and practical law. What he learns shows that Mr. Mankiewicz is both intelligent and well-informed.

Nevertheless there are ways in which *Trial* resembles *Benton's Row* more than it does *South Street* and *The Day of the Lion.* None of the characters has much emotional and intellectual depth; they are dictated to by the plot, perhaps even selected to fit it. Good as it is, even the plot seems a little too neatly contrived to present all aspects of contemporary hysteria. I say this in definition of the limitations of a novel I enjoyed and with the realization that the author's deep concern with the problems he presents may have made him strive consciously to make his novel palatable to as many as possible.

What makes *Trial* a best seller is Mr. Mankiewicz's ability to invest (soberly and honestly) in what the dustjacket calls "the central story of today" and his fine capacity to tell a good story at a good pace. Although I believe it is a far better novel than *Trial,* Harvey Swados' *Out Went the Candle* is bound not to be a best seller. The pace is leisurely, the problems are not headline ones; there are some of the inevitable awkwardnesses of a first novel: an excessive amount of shuttling back and forth in time; a sometimes blurred story line; stylistic awkwardnesses mingled with (usually) brilliant writing.

Out Went the Candle confronts the difficulties human nature has assembled in our time and does not succumb to them. Some snide reviewer will say Mr. Swados' book shows a greater knowledge of psychoanalysis than of human nature (as I once in a long while felt). It would be more accurate to say that no novel represents the insights of psychoanalysis more artistically. Like a good analyst, Mr. Swados is tender toward all his characters, malicious toward none, sentimentally tender about none. The main point is that Harvey Swados confronts the badness in man *King Lear* presents and still makes us feel that men potentially are neither utter fools nor helpless victims, that they can face and may become able to dominate the most unpleasant realities. If he persists and improves Harvey Swados will become as good a novelist as C. P. Snow.

C. P. Snow's *The New Men* is part of a cycle of novels which will, when

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complete, give a representation of all the most influential sections of British society (the church, the government, the schools, etc.), particularly as they are affected by the "intricate labyrinthine and unassuageable rapacity . . . of the love of power."

Mr. Snow's new men are the atomic scientists who are more international than national in sentiment, more interested in understanding of and power over nature than in comprehension of and power over men and society. They differ from the engineers who use atomic science without questioning why or whether in that they are "rebellious, questioning, curious for the future and unable to resist shaping it . . . heretics, forerunners, martyrs, traitors." The action, observed by Lewis Eliot, a government official whose brother is an atomic scientist, takes us from the time during World War II when work on the bomb started through to Hiroshima and its aftermath. Through Eliot's intelligent, unspecialized eyes one sees tension grow and break in the nervous systems and spirits of scientists who are "subversive," plodding, opportunist, sadic, brilliant, or a combination of all or some of these qualities. Since Mr. Snow is both a physicist and a novelist, he is uniquely qualified to write about these new men.

Like Mr. Swados, Mr. Snow is interested both in the inner depths and their outward consequences. One sees, for example, that Lewis' brother, Martin, has been profoundly affected by the fact that his mother loved Lewis best and held him up to Martin as an example of what he should but could not be. One also sees how Martin's "original" makeup and his psychological background result in an unevenly satisfactory marriage, persistent and effective accomplishment as a scientist, and the strength to withdraw into academic life when he feels unsure about the morality of continuing to be a practicing atomic scientist. Even the minor characters—Mounteney, the Soviet sympathizer who has no "sadic traits" and cannot believe others have them; Sawbridge, a traitor who displays the courage of a patriot—are seen in the round and judged as the almost ideal novelist should judge—as good-and-bad rather than as good or bad.

About *The New Men*, as about any novel posterity may decide is great, much more should be said than can be. The high level of intelligence, morality, tolerance and discrimination one finds here is beautifully represented. It is one of the excellent novels that the freedom to publish trash and merely good books sometimes, somehow results in.

The Nearness of Midnight

by Thomas K. Finletter

THIS IS a very fine book indeed, which is not surprising considering that Elmer Davis wrote it. Don't fail to read it.

Midnight, in the title *Two Minutes till Midnight*, is when the hydrogen war starts. Conceivably there may be no hydrogen war, but just conceivably. There is no proof "that the hydrogen bomb will ever be used, though I confess that at this moment I cannot see why not." Nor, it seems to me, can anyone else who thinks about the subject. There is nothing in this book, any more than there is in world history or the current activities of the human race and its governments to make anyone believe that man for the first time in his career is now about to give up war. Nor is it any more likely that, once having started fighting, man will fail to use any decisive or even useful weapon available to him. This point of view will not be pleasing to the large number of people who wish to escape from the problem of the hydrogen bomb and think they have found a way to do this in easy and not very considered phrases such as "poison gas," "atomic stalemate" and the like.

Two Minutes till Midnight, by Elmer Davis (Bobbs-Merrill; $2.75).

Mr. Davis makes the point that we had better damn well be sure that when the hydrogen war comes the United States will win it. We might, for example, be less "expansive" in our statements of foreign policy and might dispense with threats of massive retaliation

> . . . I do not see why our obvious interest in keeping Formosa out of the Communist Empire obligates us to support Chiang Kai-shek in his (largely theoretical) endeavor to regain the mainland. In the first place he can't do it, which we had better realize before we send thousands of troops and millions of dollars to support him; and beyond that, as I have endeavored to make clear, this next war, if it comes, will be a mean one, win or lose. We have got to win it, but most of us would be happier if it were fought over some greater issue than control of Quemoy and the islands near it along the China coast. —ELMER DAVIS

we do not mean, with boasts of having "seized the initiative," and with all similar activities, all to the end that our allies will have confidence in us and will be on our side when the atomic war starts. We are doing a little better about this than we were:

> Mr. Dulles has quit talking not only about agonizing reappraisal but about massive and instant retaliation, and the President has repeatedly made it clear that peace is his first and great desire. Furthermore, he talks now about our partners in the alliance, instead of permitting his subordinates to do what looks like giving orders.

This, though, was written before the Formosa crisis where our policy has been conspicuously a US go-it-alone affair, with no partners visible anywhere.

We could win an atomic war, Mr. Davis says. The Davis truth machine really goes to work on the propositions that there would be no victor in an atomic war and that another war would destroy civilization. There certainly would be a victor Mr. Davis says, and if you doubt it think of a situation in which United States military power has been crushed by a Soviet attack and Russian armies are roaming about the rubble of the USA. The reverse—Soviet military power crushed, and US armies not knowing what to do about it as they tend to the rubble in our own country—might not be a desirable state of affairs, but it would be better, Mr. Davis thinks, and who will disagree, than the first alternative.

Also, civilization will not be destroyed in an atomic war, Mr. Davis continues, provided we win it. This depends on what you mean by civilization:

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Civilization is not buildings, however beautiful or historic or whatever they contain. Civilization is something inside the people, or some of the people, who live and work in those buildings—the way they feel, the way they think, their capacity for thinking. . . . Civilization is not what your ancestors have built, but your capacity to build—intellectually and spiritually as well as architecturally. The French forgot that in 1940; they refused to defend Paris, which their ancestors had built, for fear that it might be destroyed. Given four years to think it over, under the stimulus of totalitarian occupation, they fought to liberate the essence of Paris at the risk of the destruction of its physical plant. They had remembered, by that time, what Paris is.

Civilization, in short, is not "improved real estate" but what goes on in the mind, soul and heart of man.

THIS IS bitter medicine, and I find it hard to swallow, but swallow it I, and I believe, you, must. For the findings of the Davis truth machine are not to be denied. This is what, it looks like, we are in for: it is optimistic at that, for there is one article of faith which runs throughout the book, and that is that we will win this atomic war. I know we can win it, if we prepare for it. But I get worried by the budget balancers and by those who would prepare for World War II instead of World War III.

I have an article of faith of my own I would like to mention, and that is that if the United States were to make a determined effort to do away with war, to prevent this atomic catastrophe (which it is not now doing), it might succeed. Mr. Davis thinks, and I agree, that the likelihood of the US making this effort, and of succeeding in it if it did, is pretty small. The only point of difference between us is, I imagine, one of emphasis. Mr. Davis is concerned with realities, with what is possible; I impractically favor trying the impossible. For may it not be that much of the impossibility comes from our saying it is impossible? And is not much of the improved real estate and all of the people who inhabit it worth any try, however great or even overwhelming the odds may be against the possibility of success?

Since Hiroshima many men have sought some way of ending this apparently unending series of wars. The atomic scientists were, naturally, among the first; they had some idea of what

FEB. 7 *The New Republic*

Since Stalin's Death . . . Is
Collective Leadership Cracking?
Two British correspondents analyze some recent shifts in Soviet policy and the struggle for power inside the Kremlin
The Newer Orthod

FEB. 8 *The Washington Daily News*

Russian Premier
MALENKOV
RESIGNS!
'Guilty of Inexperience . . .'
Stories on Pg. 3
Malenkov, who won the top post in the Soviet dictatorship of the politburo after Stalin's death March, 1953, has been "peacefully" removed from office.

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the next war will be like. Limited world government they said was the solution. Walter Lippmann, Lewis Mumford and Bertrand Russell apparently agreed. Clarence Streit thought Atlantic union would help. F. S. C. Northrop of Yale had some complicated ideas about an ideological understanding between East and West which Mr. Davis takes for a terrible ride. In a chapter entitled "Isn't God Going to Save Us," Mr. Davis reached the conclusion: not according to the available evidence. Presidents Truman and Eisenhower have put forward some fairly detailed plans for a system of enforced, foolproof, world-wide disarmament on the theory (which seems undeniable) that the best way of preventing war is not to let anyone have the weapons with which to make it.

All these searchings for peace are duly considered by Mr. Davis and, while he casts a kindly eye upon them (Professor Northrup's ideas excepted), they don't convince him as likely to stop man from fighting it out as usual. So, let's face the music, he says: when the atomic war comes

> . . . we must not quit, we must not surrender. The people who are on the various ground zeros that day will probably be the most fortunate; but as for those who are not, let them remember that their behavior will in all truth nobly save, or meanly lose, this last best hope of earth.

I hope that when, and I must add if, the balloon goes up, I shall be with Elmer Davis on the same ground zero or, if fate decrees, with him in that small area of our country which may survive. For we may be sure that whatever comes the example of Elmer Davis will be, as always, to nobly save this last best hope of earth.

Reason and Restoration in the West

(Continued from page 13)

men in their political thoughts and actions can be "sincerely and lucidly rational," and he considers this rationality the very foundation of the public philosophy. Yet Herbert Butterfield, Reinhold Niebuhr, myself and others have tried to show how much more ambiguous and involved the relations between reason and politics are than is suggested by this simple rationalistic faith. It must suffice here to point out that the public philosophy was not destroyed by its own rational deficiencies nor by the hostility of the intellectuals, but—and Mr. Lippmann says as much—by the modern conditions and problems of life which the public philosophy, as it has come down to us, is unable to reflect and solve adequately.

First of all, natural law, the form in which the public philosophy has been transmitted to us, has not only been the reflection of the objective standards of politics, but it has also always been a political ideology and predominantly an ideology of the status quo. In other words, the existing political order was identified with the objective and rational order. Yet when the existing political order lost its viability, natural law, through its intimate connection with it, lost its plausibility. It became a mere ideological tool by which partial interests and subjective opinions tried to establish their universality and objectivity. We cannot forget that experience, and no self-contained intellectual movement can obliterate its philosophic effects.

All political philosophy is concerned with the burning political problems of the day, and is in turn a reflection, in the light of a truth which all ages have in common, upon the political experiences of the day before. The task of political philosophy in our age, then, is to apply the perennial truths of politics to the political world for the dual purpose of understanding it and of solving its problems. To this task Mr. Lippmann applies himself with outstanding success. Yet the restoration of a viable democratic order is not coterminous with that success being approved and shared by all rational men. As that order has been weakened and in places destroyed by its own defects, so its health can be restored only by political action remedying its defects. Political philosophy can hold up to society the mirror of its ills and contrast it with the ideal picture of health, hoping to mold thought and inspire action. Thus it is uneasily suspended between the consummated action of the past, which it reflects, and the hoped-for action of the future, which it propounds. There is its strength and its weakness, its victory and its defeat, and it should claim no more.

THEATRE

JEAN ANOUILH is at last enjoying something of a success in New York: his *Thieve's Carnival* received "rave notices" from Brooks Atkinson and Walter Kerr.

The play tells the story of three rascals — pickpockets and burglars — who prey on the home of a Lord Edgard and Lady Hurf in Vichy. It is the quintessence of Anouilh: in this short, slight masterpiece that he wrote at the age of twenty-one, he seems to have prefigured everything he would write later. The world into which the burglars irrupt is

Thieves' Carnival, by Jean Anouilh. Cherry Lane Theatre.

of almost amiable yet entirely despicable aristocracy. The *dramatis personae* are a gallery of freaks—that is to say, a bunch of people who are one and all incapable of love. One and almost all: the essential story is that just one aristocrat and just one burglar fall in love. Their love of course can come to nothing—class difference constitutes a fatal gap and symbolizes the impossibility of loving in general—except that we are here in that land of pleasant (which Anouilh calls "pink") surmise where, because pretence is real, the impossible is possible. Is the amorous burglar really of humble birth?

> *Lord Edgard*: You are 20 years old, are you not?
> *Burglar*: Yes.
> *Lord Edgard*: Right. (Takes out a photograph). Fine. Open your shirt. Fine. Now, the mark behind the ear. Fine. (Takes out a medal). You recognize this medal?
> *Burglar*: No.
> *Lord Edgard*: Never mind. You are my son who was stolen from me at a tender age! (He falls on his neck.)

With the help of the *fiancée* everything is patched up. Only Lord Edgard was lying. When the lovers leave, Lady Hurf says, "You never had a son stolen from you at a tender age," and that pillar of the peerage answers: "No, it's a picture I cut out of a magazine." The imposture seems to have been the one good act of his life, and the ending is a happy one for the young couple:

> For those who have played the escapade with the zest of youth, the comedy

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is a success: they played their youth, a thing which succeeds always; they weren't even aware of the comedy.

If the moral reminds us of Pirandello, the manner of the play takes us back through Musset to Marivaux. These are, indeed, not so much diverse influences as a single tradition, the tradition of a comic theatre in which masquerade is a symbol of human life in general—"all the men and women merely players." Out of the game of play-acting, Mr. Anouilh creates an image of the game of life, and, conversely, out of the game of life, he creates a game for actors which for atmosphere, wit, and sprightliness is one of the best plays of the past quarter century.

But where are the actors today who know the rules of such a game or, if they do, can play it with any delicacy or aplomb? On our Anglo-American stage, Reality is limited to realism, realism is limited to naturalism, and naturalism is limited to neurasthenics; while Style means a British deportment—stiff upper lip, stiff limbs, and stiffer backbone—and an elocutionary, Oxonian delivery. Proscenium Productions at the Cherry Lane achieved style in this sense with their commendable production of *The Way of the World* in the fall. *Thieves' Carnival* is nothing like so great a piece of literature as Congreve's play, yet it is much more deeply rooted in the tradition of theatre and for that reason it sets our actors a more important task: it is more important for them to be able to create the special life of theatrical art (including words but not consisting of words) than it is to be able to speak literature.

The production has its points. The costumes, for example, give a surprising amount of pleasure; more than any other element in the show they suggest the Anouilh blend of humor with charm, caricature with wistful grace. In the acting, as one would expect from young Americans, the humor is a hundred times better projected than the charm. The individual successes are William LeMassena as the portliest of the thieves—equally effective as old woman and Spanish grandee—an actor whose fun belongs to the same world as Groucho Marx. Admirable in a more restrained manner is Tom Bosley who plays the Andrew Aguecheek of the evening and looks admirably droll in pink-and-white-barred burglar's undershirt. As to the two young leading ladies, the program pointedly remarks that one of them (Frances Sternhagen) has had her hair and make-up done by Helena Rubinstein; indeed, she seems to walk, not out of a picture by Fragonard, but off a page in *Vogue*. Dolores Mann (the other comely young person) probably isn't imitating either Barbara Bel Geddes in *Moon Is Blue* or Audrey Hepburn in *Ondine*, but the spectator is bound to think her synthetic, mannered delivery an imitation of something or other. I wouldn't deny that, after a good spanking, Miss Mann might be able to act, and even speak, very well indeed.

One of the Proscenium producers, Warren Enters, again directed. One cannot pay him quite the same tribute as last time. Though assisted by a choreographer (Don Redlich), Mr. Enters has not achieved the lissome elegance of ballet and pantomine. There is coyness and self-congratulation in the fun. One of the most theatrical, and not least effective, features of this play is a musician who plays the clarinet on stage. I do not know just how M. Anouilh visualized the role, but his stage directions simply state that the man is the solitary musician in the bandstand when the show opens. The image of an actual bandsman seems to me much stronger than the one Mr. Enters invokes, which is that of a harlequin in diamond tights. Even if the harlequin reference must be overt, should the actor indulge in so much almost collegiate cavorting?

If, when Anouilh is charming, this show tends to be glamorous a la Rubinstein, it is also true that when he is ironic, the show tends to be frightfully jolly and that when he is playfully sad, it tends to be in deadly earnest.

ERIC BENTLEY

Notes on the Critics

HANS J. MORGENTHAU is the author of several books on American Foreign Policy. CHARLES B. FORCEY teaches at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. PETER VIERECK's essay will appear, extended, in his book, *The Unadjusted Man*, to be published next Fall by the Beacon Press. PAUL ENGLE teaches at the University of Iowa. LEON EDEL is completing his biography of Henry James. JAY LEYDA is writing a "documentary reconstruction," *The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson*. RANDALL JARRELL's newest book is the novel, *Pictures from an Institution*. THOMAS K. FINLETTER is the author of a new book, *Power and Policy*. H. C. WEBSTER teaches at the University of Louisville.

Gerald W. Johnson

Max Lerner

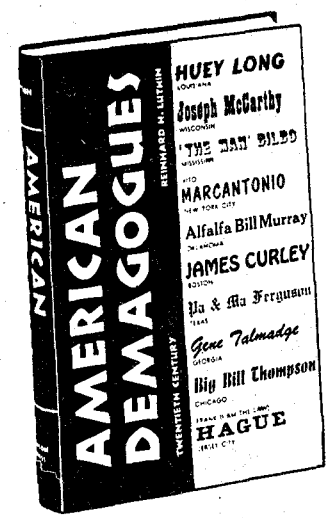
Michael Straight

(The judges of *New Republic's* Political Book Club)

have selected as their recommended recent book

American Demagogues

by Reinhard H. Luthin



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A Communication

One of the three great historic figures in the development of modern psychology, Dr. Carl Jung, now 79, has long been interested in the interpretation of religious doctrines and symbols. His observations on the Christian "myth" printed here were addressed to author Upton Sinclair.

SIRS: I will have to tell briefly about my book, *Our Lady*, on which Dr. Carl Jung comments in his letter to me which follows. The book was published in 1938 and is very little known here.

The heroine of the story is a peasant woman of ancient Nazareth, Marya by name; her beloved son, Yeshu, has gone away on a mission, and in an agony of fear as to his future the mother seeks the aid of a sorceress. Under a spell, she awakens in a great city, moving with a crowd into a stadium where she witnesses what she takes to be a battle, the victors being a party representing Notre Dame. Sitting next to Marya is a black-clad gentleman who cheers for this side, and addressing the mysterious woman he learns to his consternation that she speaks ancient Aramaic. Being a scholar, he hears her story and is terrified, and takes her to his superiors. In a convent dedicated to the Blessed Virgin the rites of exorcism are performed according to the prescribed ritual, and Marya comes out from the spell; she rebukes the sorceress, considering herself cheated. She tells what happened to her and declares, "All this has nothing to do with me."

The occasion for my sending this novelette to Dr. Jung was a letter he wrote me about another story which I had sent him. Since Dr. Jung refers to this story also, your readers will have to know that *What Didymus Did* tells about a young gardener in a suburb of Los Angeles who is visited by an angel. The lad's name is Thomas, and he receives the power to perform miracles after the pattern of that "Thomas called Didymus" who is reputed to have founded many churches on the Malabar coast of Southern India. The new Thomas works miracles in Los Angeles, and founds a church. . . .

At the time Dr. Jung wrote the letter which follows, *Didymus* had been declined by a dozen New York publishers; while his letter was on the way here I received word that a Philadelphia merchant had volunteered to put up the funds, and the dangerous task had been undertaken by an "occasional" publisher. It is curious to observe that now, at the age of 76, I am in the same position with my seventy-sixth book that I was with my first, just 55 years ago.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Corona, California

DEAR MR. SINCLAIR: Having read your novel *Our Lady*, I cannot refrain from bothering you again with a letter. This is the trouble you risk when giving your books to a psychologist who has made it his profession to receive impressions and to have reactions. On the day after I had read the story, I happened to come across the beautiful text of the "Exultet" in the Easter liturgy:

O inaestimabilis dilectio caritatis
Ut servum redimeres, Filium tradidisti!
O certe necessarium Adae peccatum,
Quod Christi morte deletum est!
O felix culpa
Quae talem actantum meruit habere Redemptorem!

Although I am peculiarly sensitive to the beauty of the liturgical language, something was amiss, as if a corner had been knocked off or a precious stone fallen from its setting. When trying to understand, I instantly remembered the bewildered Marya confronted with the incongruities of the exorcism, her beautiful and simple humanity caught in the coils of a vast historical process which had supplanted her concrete and immediate life by the almost inhuman superstructure of a dogmatic and ritual nature, so strange that, in spite of the identity of names and biographical items, she was not even able to recognize the story of herself and of her beloved son. I also remembered your preceding novel about the idealistic youth who had almost become a saviour through one of those angelic tricks well known since the time of Henoch. And moreover, I recalled your Jesus biography. Then I knew what it had been that caused my peculiarly divided feeling; it was your common sense and realism, reducing the Holy Legend to human proportions and to probable possibilities, that never fails in knocking off a piece of the spiritual architecture or in causing a slight tremor of the Church's mighty structure. The anxiety of the priests to suppress the supposedly Satanic attempt at verisimilitude is therefore most convincing, as the devil is particularly dangerous when he tells the truth, as he often does.

It is obviously your *laudabilis intentio* to extract a quintessence of truth from the incomprehensible chaos of historic distortions and dogmatic constructions, a truth of human size and acceptable to common sense. Such an attempt is hopeful . . . inasmuch as the "truth" represented by the church is so remote from ordinary understanding as to be well-nigh inacceptable. At all events, it conveys nothing any more to the modern mind that wants to understand.

I admit, it is exceedingly probable that there is a human story at the bottom of it all. But under these conditions I must ask: Why the devil had *this* simple and therefore satisfactory story to be embellished and distorted beyond recognition? Or why had Jesus taken on unmistakably mythological traits already with the gospel writers? And why is this process continued even in our enlightened days when the original picture has been already obscured beyond all reasonable expectation? Why the Assumptio of 1950 and the Encyclical *Ad caeli Reginam* of October 24, 1954?

To me the human story is the inevitable point of departure, the self-evident basis of historical Christianity. It is the "small beginnings" of an amazing development But the human story—I beg your pardon—is just ordinary, well within the confines of everyday life, not exciting and unique and thus not particularly interesting. We have heard it a thousand times and we ourselves have lived it at least in parts. It is the well-known psychological *ensemble* of Mother and beloved Son, and how the legend begins with mother's anxieties and hopes and son's heroic phantasies and helpful friends and foes joining in, magnifying and augmenting little deviations from the truth and thus slowly creating the web, called the *reputation of a personality.*

Here you have me—the psychologist—with what the French call his *déformation professionnelle.* He is *blasé*, overfed with the "simple" human story, which does not touch his interest and particularly not his religious feeling. The human story is even the thing to get away from, as the small story is neither exciting nor edifying. On the contrary, one wants to hear the great story of Gods and Heros and how the World was created and so on. The small stories can be heard where the women wash in the river, or in the kitchen or at the village well; everybody lives them at home. That has been since the dawn of consciousness.

But there was a time in antiquity, about the fourth century B.C., where a man Euhemerus made himself a name through a then new theory: The divine and heroic myth is founded upon the small story of an ordinary human chief or petty king of local fame, magnified by a minstrel's phantasy. Allfather Zeus, the mighty "gatherer of clouds" has originally been a little tyrant, ruling some villages from his *maison forte* upon a hill and *nocturnis ululatibus horrenda Proserpina*

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has been presumably his awe-inspiring mother-in-law. That was certainly a time sick of the old gods and their ridiculous fairy stories, curiously similar to the "enlightenment" of our epoch, equally fed up with its "myth," and welcoming any kind of iconoclasm, from the *Encyclopedie* of the 18th century to the Freudian theory reducing the religious "illusion" to the basic *Familien-roman* with its incestuous innuendos in the early 20th century. Unlike your predecessor, you take your reader by the hand: "I am going to tell you a better story, something nice and reasonable, that anybody can accept. I don't repeat these ancient absurdities, these god-awful theologoumena like Virgin Birth, blood and flesh mysteries, and other wholly superfluous miracle gossip. I show you the touching and simple humanity behind these gruesome inventions of benighted ecclesiastical brains."

This is a kind-hearted iconoclasm far more deadly than the frankly murderous arrows from M. de Voltaire's quiver: all these mythological assertions are so obviously impossible that their refutation is not even needed. These relics of the dark ages vanish like morning mist before the rising sun when your authentic Galilaean grandmother "Marya" does not even recognize herself or her beloved son in the picture produced by the magic mirror of Christian tradition.

Yet, why should a more or less ordinary story of a good mother and her well meaning idealistic boy give rise to one of the most amazing mental or spiritual developments of all times? Why could the facts not remain as they were originally? The answer is obvious: The story is so ordinary that there would not have been any reason for its tradition, quite certainly not for its world-wide expansion. The fact that the original situation has developed into one of the most extraordinary myths about a divine *heros*, a Godman and his cosmic fate, is not due to its underlying human story, but to the powerful action of pre-existing mythological motives attributed to the biographically almost unknown Jesus, a wandering miracle Rabbi in the style of the ancient Hebrew prophets or of the contemporary teacher John the Baptizer or of the much later Zadiks of the Chassidim. The immediate source and origin of the myth projected upon the teacher Jesus is to be found in the then popular book of Henoch and its central figure of the "Son of Man" and its messianic mission. From the Gospel texts it is even manifest that Jesus has identified himself with this "Son of Man." Thus it is the spirit of his time, the collective hope and expectation, which caused this astounding transformation and not at all the more or less insignificant story of the man Jesus.

The transformation of Jesus, *i.e.*, the integration of his human self into a super or inhuman figure of a deity accounts for the amazing "distortion" of his ordinary personal biography; in other words: the essence of Christian tradition is by no means the simple man Jesus whom we seek in vain in the Gospels, but the lore of the Godman and his cosmic drama. Even the Gospels themselves make it their special job to prove that their Jesus is the incarnate God. That is why they are so liberal with miracle gossip which they naïvely assume proves their point. It is only natural that the subsequent post-apostolic developments went even several points better in this respect, and in our day the process of mythological integration is still expanding, even to Jesus' mother, formerly kept down to the human rank and file for at least 500 years of early church history.

But why should there be myth at all? One cannot help admitting that the human story is so very much more probable, but it has little or nothing to do with the problem of the myth containing the essence of Christian religion. You catch your priests most cleverly in the disadvantageous position which they have created for themselves by their preaching a concrete historicity of clearly mythological facts. Nobody reading your admirable novel can deny being deeply impressed by the very dramatic confrontation of the original with the mythological picture, and very probably he will prefer the human story to its mythological "distortion."

But what about the "message" of the Redeemer and his divine fate, the very foundation of everything that is holy to the Church? There is the spiritual heritage and harvest of 1900 years still to account for, and I am very doubtful whether the reduction to common sense is the correct answer or not. As a matter of fact, I attribute an incomparably greater importance to the dogmatic truth than to the probable human story. The religious need gets nothing out of the latter, and at all events less than from a mere belief in Jesus Christ or any other dogma. Inasmuch as the belief is real and living, it works. But inasmuch as it is mere imagination and an effort of the will without understanding, I see little merit in it. Unfortunately, this unsatisfactory condition prevails in modern times; since there is nothing beyond belief without understanding but doubt and skepticism, the whole Christian tradition goes by the board as a mere phantasy. I consider this as being a tremendous loss for which we are to pay a terrific price. The effect becomes visible in the dissolution of ethical values and a complete disorientation of our *Weltanschauung*. The "truth" of Natural Science or "Existential Philosophy" are poor surrogates. Natural "Laws" are in the main mere abstractions (being statistical averages) instead of reality and they abolish individual existence as being merely exceptional. But the individual as the only carrier of life and existence is of paramount importance. He cannot be substituted by a group or by mass. Yet we are rapidly approaching a state in which nobody will accept individual responsibility anymore. We prefer to leave it as an odious business to groups and organizations, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the group or mass psyche is that of an animal and wholly inhuman.

What we need is the development of the inner spiritual man, the unique individual whose treasure is hidden on the one side in the symbols of our mythological tradition and on the other side in man's unconscious psyche. It is tragic that Science and its philosophy discourages the individual and that theology resists every reasonable attempt at an understanding of its symbols. They call their creed "symbolum," but they refuse to call their truth "symbolic." Yet, if it is anything, it is anthropomorphic symbolism and therefore capable of re-interpretation.

C. G. JUNG

Zurich, Switzerland

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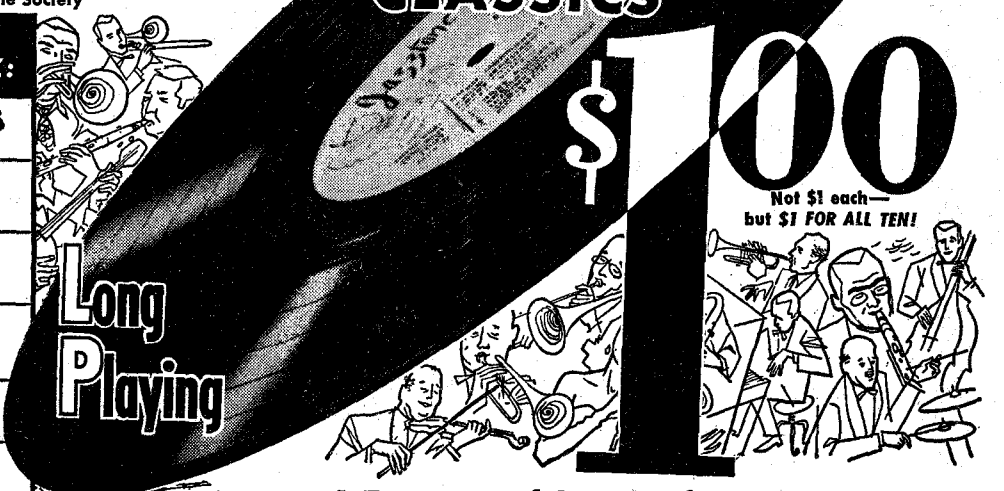

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